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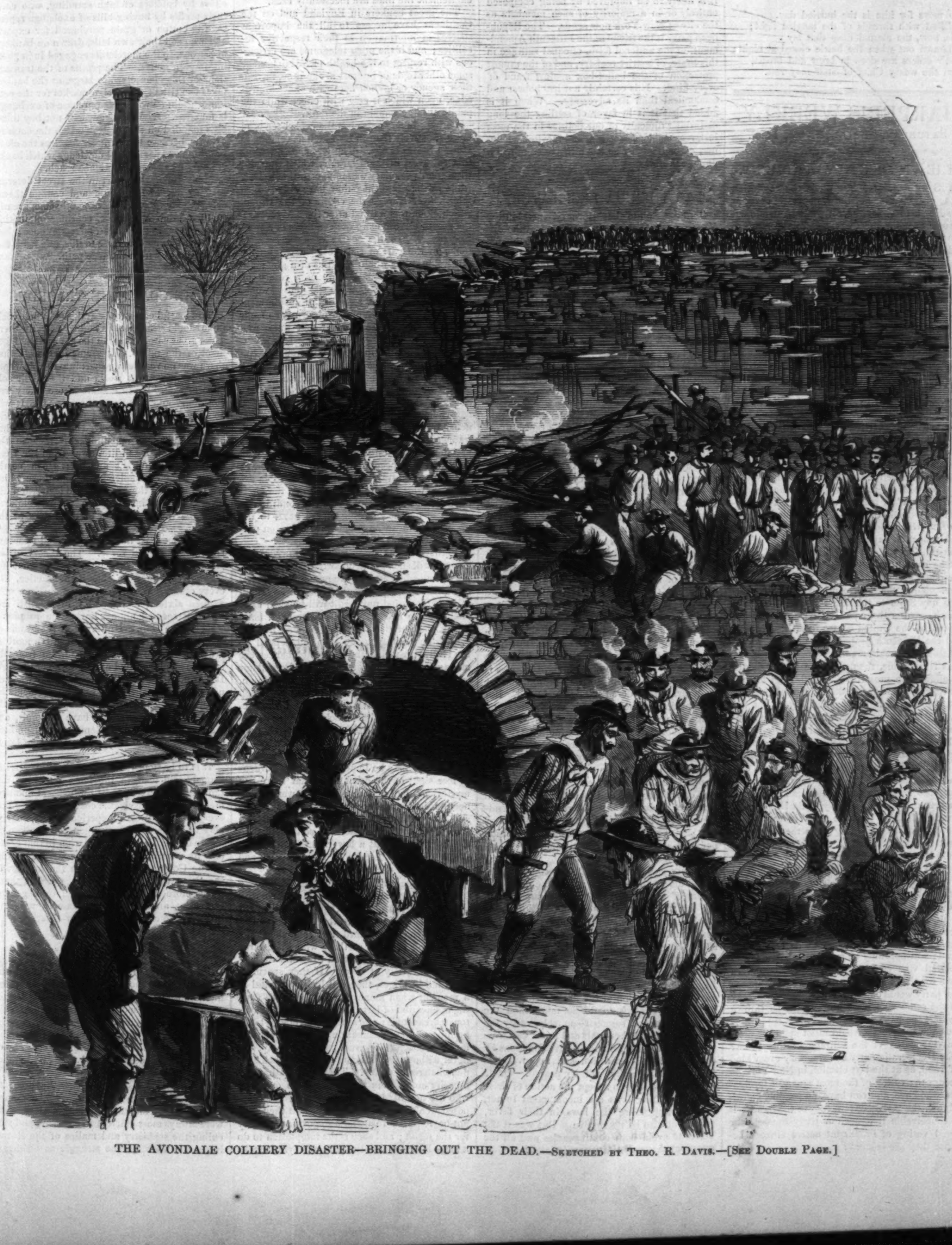


THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER—BRINGING OUT THE DEAD.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE DOUBLE PAGE.]

THE CHIEF OF STAFF.

Over his war-worn face has come
The still, white sign that he knew so well,
Hushing afar the rolling drum,
Stilling the noise of shot and shell,
The holy sign that wiped the stain
Of blood from the faces of the slain.

A strenuous soul, deep-built within,
The years were few from the coal pit's flame
To beleaguered Richmond's dying din
And the glory that settled on his name;
But not of years was his strength of deed:
The man was based on a full-grown creed.

Out from the dusk of common fate
He stepped when the cry was loud for men;
Measure him, dead, by his chair of state;
Is his stature greater now than then?
Did he get or give by his country's trust?
Behold what shrunken form of dust!

He stood where but few had strength to stand
In the wild fore-front of a giant time,
With the great commander, hand in hand,
Doing humanity's work sublime;
Nor even in triumph put it by,
But under it laid him down to die.

No more for him is the hurried day,
Blind with threads of the tangled fight;
His, now, the eternal lines that lay
Drawn out when the battle closed at night;
Their orders are deep in brow and breast,
And the weary Chief of Staff may rest.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, September 25, 1869.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

As we suggested last week, the resolution of both wings of the Democratic party at the North to resist the Fifteenth Amendment gives a peculiar and unexpected importance to the political situation. That amendment provides that no State shall disfranchise a citizen by reason of color, and it is opposed upon two grounds: first, that the subject should not be regulated by the National Government; and, second, that colored citizens ought not to be allowed to vote upon equal terms with others.

The tone adopted in pressing the first objection, as if there were some outrage in submitting a proper question to the country in the constitutional manner, is merely ridiculous. Even if it were undesirable that the conditions of suffrage should be determined by the National Government, it is certainly not improper that the people should be asked to decide the question in the manner that they have themselves provided. Consequently the assertion of the Ohio Democratic platform that "the attempt to regulate suffrage in Ohio by means of the so-called Fifteenth Constitutional Amendment is subversive of the principles of the Federal Constitution" is transparent folly. The Federal Constitution is the body of fundamental laws, to which additions are made as experience and reflection suggest. The principle of the Constitution, so to speak, is that it shall be supreme over all the States in every particular that shall seem expedient for the general welfare. Thus, the Thirteenth Amendment forbids any State to tolerate Slavery; the Fourteenth secures the equal civil rights of every citizen of the United States in all the States; and the Fifteenth proposes to prohibit unreasonable disfranchisement.

Is it desirable, then, that the States should be allowed to prescribe a qualification for the suffrage founded upon color? Unquestionably not, because nothing is gained by it but the gratification of a prejudice. Color does not determine intelligence or political capacity. The color of the skin is a disqualification as unreasonable as that of the hair or eyes. Moreover, it is a disability which, by perpetuating a distinction of caste among the citizens, forever renews the freshness of the feelings from which the war arose. The Pennsylvania Democratic platform declares that the party in that State "is opposed to conferring upon the negro the right to vote." It gives no reason, and how could it? How could a party which courts ignorance, and which does not consider habitual drunkenness to be a valid bar to the suffrage, offer any plausible reason for excluding honest, intelligent, sober colored men from the polls? It is opposed to the voting of the colored citizens because it knows that the votes of a class which the Democratic party has done its best to degrade will naturally be cast against it. If the colored vote of Pennsylvania and Ohio were sure for that party, does any observer suppose the party would object to the voting of negroes? If the same vote were not sure to be thrown against the party in New York, is it supposable that the Democrats would insist upon the present inequality of the suffrage in this State? The Democratic party endeavors by every kind of fraud, as at the last election in New York, to secure the voting of the most ignorant foreigners, who have, and can have, no possible knowledge of the merits or tendency of the issues; is it conceivable that such a party opposes the equal voting of intelligent native citizens because they are colored?

Until this question is settled there can be no escape from the old issues; and the question may be postponed, but it can be settled in one way only. No man in his senses can imagine that this State, or this country, will finally rest in a policy of discrimination among citizens so baseless and infamous as this. A qualification of residence, of education, of familiarity with the language, is reasonable and intelligible, but one of color is contemptible and exasperating. Apparently the Democratic Convention in this State will declare against the Fifteenth Amendment, and against the provision of the new State Constitution that equalizes the suffrage. It will then be for the orderly and intelligent citizens to determine how the public welfare is to be promoted by the success of a party pledged to perpetuate upon such grounds the difference that has so long and so cruelly vexed us.

Or are there other considerations in favor of its success that make this objection insignificant? Ohio will, undoubtedly, reject Mr. Pendleton; but shall New York virtually declare in favor of him and of his repudiation? If there is general discontent with the character of the Legislature, let the voter reflect whether it is likely to be improved by being composed entirely or in a majority of such members as the city of New York now sends. The Republican party is the friend of the Fifteenth Amendment, of the national faith, of equal suffrage in this State, of a strict registry, and of the utmost protection of the ballot-box against fraud of every kind. It is certainly not less honest and economical than its adversary. When it is added that it is in favor of settling the long disturbing difficulty of our politics in the most just, reasonable, American, and inevitable manner, can any man who has hitherto sustained it doubt as to his duty?

THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.

The decision of the Attorney-General in the Virginia case ingeniously compromises the difficulty. The dilemma, however, should not have arisen; and we confess it seems to us that it would have been better avoided by leaving Congress to interpret its own law. The registered voters of Virginia have, indeed, voted in favor of a Constitution which, when accepted by Congress, becomes the law of the State. But, until accepted, it is not the law of the State, which is still a Military District, subject to the laws passed for its regulation, and among these laws is that which requires the oath of all officers, including the members of the Legislature. The Attorney-General says that it is impossible to suppose that Congress could intend that a Legislature under the Constitution of a State should be regulated by the military commander. But is this Legislature, before the Constitution has become valid, properly defined by the Attorney-General as "a Legislature under the Constitution of a State?" If it be, it is certainly not a provisional Legislature, as the Attorney-General afterward asserts. And if it be provisional, all its acts must be equally so, including the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment. But is a provisional ratification valid?

It is plain that the Legislature is not a Legislature of full functions until its action is approved by Congress; and is it not therefore equally plain that Congress, notwithstanding the Attorney-General's remarks, *does* "undertake to furnish the State with a suitable Legislature to start with?" If this Legislature does not do what Congress wishes, it will be held to be unsuitable. If, on the other hand, Congress is satisfied with it, it will, for that reason, and for no other, be considered suitable and valid. But in considering the action of the Legislature, Congress will necessarily investigate its origin and authority. The Reconstruction laws do not compel Congress to approve the assent to conditions which is made by a body that is not qualified to make the assent; and although General Canby will not exact the oath, under the circumstances, and the Legislature will therefore probably meet and ratify the amendment, yet Congress will have to satisfy itself of the justice of the Attorney-General's decision before it accepts the Legislative action.

Of course we have no desire to prolong the controversy, still less to favor a course which would defeat the manifest will of the registered voters of the State. In the dilemma which the law of Congress has itself occasioned, we would have postponed the proclamation of the commanding General, which would have enabled Congress to deal with the subject before the Legislature assembled. It will be much more difficult to manage the matter when the Legislature has organized and acted, without any clear conception of the limits of its authority. If it chooses to do no more than the Attorney-General suggests—namely, ratify the amendment, and then wait and see if Congress will clothe it with full Legislative functions by accepting the Constitution and approving its action—the difficulty will be passed. Or if Congress is willing to accept the action of those who by existing laws are incompetent to act, thereby suspending the laws in their favor, there will also be no trouble. But was it not better to avoid both contingencies and all the questions that may consequently arise?

WALL STREET.

The cable telegraph has produced effects nowhere greater than in the financial centre of the Union. It brings us into immediate contact with London, Paris, and Frankfort, with this advantage, that the business-day is over in each of the great European markets before it commences in the United States, and can be studied and weighed before entering upon the conflicts of the trade in which we are respectively engaged. The foreign and domestic markets for cotton, food, manufactures, public debt, etc., and whether money is plenty or otherwise at any controlling point, constitute the essential subjects of inquiry at the outset of the business-day, and fortunes are lost or won as information is accurate or false in these matters.

The morning press furnishes information of the markets of the previous day, but private telegrams sent by leading houses to their correspondents here give the latest advices, and constitute the basis of immense transactions. Only those who deal largely can afford the expense of frequent telegrams, and in a time of excitement the lines are incessantly used.

The great bankers in England and on the Continent have access to all the important sources of information in their respective localities; and if the press telegrams are erroneous with respect to the health of Napoleon, or some other topic of interest at the time, furnish their agency or branch here with exact knowledge, upon which it acts with effect while the public at large remain in the dark.

Perhaps in no matter has the cable been used more effectively than in transactions relating to United States bonds. The Germans were the first to invest in them largely, which they did with great pecuniary advantage to themselves, while at the same time they have aided to establish over Europe the credit of the Union, which alone was wanted after the successes of the war to elevate us to the condition of a first-rate power. In the course of these transactions, on the part of the great bankers on the other side, news would reach us of a glut; apprehensions would exist here of a return of bonds; purchases of gold on speculation would follow in this market, to end in disappointment and loss on finding that the absorption of our securities still continued, and that those who held the latest advices had become free sellers of gold. The turn in the market would be immediate and overwhelming.

We have from time to time shown how the cable was used to accomplish not only a sale of the bonds, but of their proceeds in the shape of "cable transfers," so as to produce instantaneous results, and drive out of the market those who were speculating for an advance in the gold premium. The anticipated shipment of gold on which the speculation for a rise was based became unnecessary from the sale of cable exchange; which sale, effected here on the afternoon of one day, would be in a condition to complete on the morning of the next, to the dismay of those who supposed the foreign purchasers oversupplied with our securities.

Perhaps never again in the history of the country will such grand opportunities for amassing fortunes be found as the negotiation abroad of our securities has furnished. We hope that at an early period our credit will be such as to enable us to substitute a four per cent. bond in the place of those earning six and five per cent. The ability to do this will depend on the skill with which the national finances are managed. If, on the one hand, the Repudiator is kept down by the pressure of public opinion, and a sufficient amount of tax is regularly collected and applied to pay the interest as it accrues, we shall in time reach that position of safety which arises from having to pay only a low rate of interest. It is our highest policy to look to this with never-failing eagerness, or the country may be tempted by heavy burdens to lose sight of the great truth that there is a mysterious, but undoubted and powerful connection between our prosperity as a people and our punctuality in meeting every obligation. We shall not reach the solid land until the debt is fixed at a low rate of interest, as the result of confidence in the integrity and strength of the country.

The change which has come over Wall Street by being introduced into hourly intercourse with the principal European markets is equally great in domestic business. In the latter there is a constant tendency toward the accumulation of business on the part of those who wield large capitals, as they are enabled to command success in a variety of ways. If they speculate for a fall in prices, they will lock up capital at a moment when money is already scarce from the application of large amounts in moving cotton or breadstuffs; and as the small houses know nothing of the combination or the moment of its termination, they must proceed tamely, and never without risk of being caught by such sudden changes of policy. These speculations ordinarily embrace in the combination outsiders who are admitted on the strength of their supposed wealth, on the agreement that they shall not be required to make a deposit as security for the result; and such is the temptation to do a large business that the plan of buying stocks without any margin is invited by the smaller houses, who, in truth, take the risk of the speculations of their principal. The recklessness of a corner—which can not be engaged in without an abandonment of all claim to high commercial or moral position—is communicated to too many for public advantage. The policy of issuing convertible bonds and suddenly converting them into stock; of watering stocks without the consent of stockholders, and sometimes without the knowledge of Directors; and the appendage of a Court, armed with lock-breakers and Receivers, belong to the new state of things.

Great uncertainty is communicated to business in the street by these events; for it is scarcely possible to tell what portion of the price of particular stocks is due to the power of outside capitalists, and when they will unload their watered stock upon the unwary. It is painful to find that at Chicago and other Western cities the dealings in grain are subjected to the uncertainties and the vicissitudes of Wall Street gambling.

A large amount of the business of Wall Street is conducted upon proper business principles by bankers of high standing, who earn their profits by buying bills of exchange representing cotton or grain purchased for export, and who sell their own bills, drawn on bankers in Europe, to the merchants engaged in importing foreign goods. The profits of the transactions of this character are large, as the banker takes the risk of the foreign market for the cotton or grain on which his purchase of exchange is founded. The merchant can not buy these bills founded on the produce which the country exports, because the business requires the close attention and particular knowledge which bankers only from long experience reach.

Many young men start in the street determined to avoid speculation and confine themselves to legitimate business, and some, greatly to their profit and honor, continue on in this course, securing respect and confidence; but the general tone is adverse to this, and leads the majority away from the true path.

THE COAL-MINE TRAGEDY.

The fearful catastrophe at the Avondale coal-mine should stimulate the inquiry whether there is not great carelessness in the general management of the mines. It seems incredible that there was no ventilating shaft into the pit where the miners were at work, and that their sole hope of safety lay in a shaft whose safety was constantly and peculiarly threatened. It will be easy hereafter to avoid this especial peril, but why was it not perceived before, and what other dangers as appalling still menace the miners? It is a sad life, away from the fresh air and the sunlight and the green earth. There are no gloomier tales than those which tell the story of the miners; and legislation has been obliged to interfere to save little children from the thoughtlessness of employers at the mines.

Government is, first of all, founded upon experience and good sense. The theory of the *laisser-aller*, of letting "things look out for themselves," may be abused in practice, like every other. When women and children were worked sixteen hours a day in English factories, it seemed almost impossible to pass a "short time" bill. Hundreds of thousands of starving laborers were ready to starve more in order to release wives and children from the horrible bondage; and at length the bill passed. It was not theoretically correct, but it was actually most humane. No individual stockholder in a coal company would be unjust to the miners; but corporations have no souls, and managers and superintendents must spend little and make much, or they are in danger of losing their places.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that this terrible tragedy will lead to the most searching and thorough investigation of the general management of the Pennsylvania coal-mines; and that every security which experience may suggest may be made obligatory upon the companies. There is a vast mining population in that State, and its character must necessarily affect that of the Commonwealth. It is the interest of the State that the miners do not feel themselves more and more excluded from general sympathy, and this can be done by wise evidence of the care of their fellow-citizens.

Mr. FESSENDEN.

By the death of Mr. Fessenden the country loses one of its most patriotic and able statesmen, and his party a man who commanded the confidence and respect of the Opposition. His name is not especially identified with any single measure, nor with any peculiarly memorable speech, but it will be always conspicuous among the leading advocates of the wise and humane policy of the Republican party.

During the anti-slavery debates that preceded the war Mr. Fessenden's intellectual acuteness and stern logic, and the sharpness of his sarcasm, were always most efficient in exposing and ridiculing the sophistry and malice of the slavery leaders. Through the struggle as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, and for some time as Secretary of the Treasury, his sagacity was of the utmost service. And after the war ended, his Report to Congress as Chairman of the Committee upon Reconstruction, in which the principles of the policy afterward adopted were set forth, is one of the most admirable political documents of the time.

With the Republican Senators **Trumbull** and **Grimes**, Mr. **Fessenden** voted against the conviction of President **Johnson** when he was impeached. The question had been made one of party, and the abuse of these Senators by a large part of the Republican press, and especially by the New York *Tribune*, was unsurpassed for its unscrupulous vehemence. It is hardly accurate to say, as that paper states since Mr. **Fessenden**'s death, that he was "every where condemned" for his vote. There were many of the most radical Republicans who differed with him, but who no more condemned him than they did Mr. **Sumner**; and it was the influence of those men which prevented the censure of Mr. **Fessenden** and the Senators who voted with him by the Convention that nominated General **Grant**. Of the fidelity of all these gentlemen to the great purpose of the Republican party there has never been any more reasonable doubt than of their ability and spotless integrity.

Mr. **Fessenden**'s feeble health for many years, joined to a peculiarly sensitive temperament, made him especially impatient of mere display, and sometimes too irritable in the vicissitudes of debate. He had a certain disdainful independence, a scornful honesty, which indicates the character most desirable in a public man amidst the tendencies of our politics. In many ways he recalls the men of an earlier day: grave, simple, devoted, with a profound consciousness that this is a government of laws, not of persons. Of the sycophancy of the politician he had no trace whatever. His character and his career were full of the dignity of self-respect; and the loss of such a living example of the rarer civic virtues is not the least cause of regret at his death. It will be very difficult to fill adequately the place of such a man, who in the one act of his political career for which he was most severely censured by a large number of his party friends performed not the least valuable moral service of a most honorable and useful life.

GENERAL RAWLINS.

The general assent of the country to the words of Attorney-General **Hoar**'s touching message, in speaking of General **Rawlins**—"a man so upright, able, and faithful"—shows how deep is the public sense of his loss. It shows also the sagacity of the President's course in selecting for so important a position a man with whose character and capacity he was thoroughly satisfied, although his name might not be familiar to the public. From the beginning of the war intimately associated with General **Grant**, General **Rawlins** constantly proved his ability; and the testimony of all who knew best, since his accession to the War Department, proves the vigor and sagacity with which, even in his extreme ill health, it was conducted by the Secretary. Had he been a conspicuous politician, is it likely that he would have been a better officer, or that the country would more truly mourn his death?

In selecting his successor we hope the President will look among those whom he knows rather than those whom the politicians expect or present. We understand the necessity of party sympathy and support, and we also insist that it is the duty of every man to be a politician, so far as that word implies a knowledge of the principles involved in the questions upon which he votes. But the word politician has come to mean distinctively the hucksters in politics, the doers of dirty work claiming to be the party, and in that sense we use it. General **Rawlins** could not have been the candidate of the politicians; but the party that supported General **Grant**, as well as the country at large, were satisfied with his appointment. They will be equally pleased with a successor whom upon his appointment they may not know, if his administration of the office shows them, as in the case of General **Rawlins**, that the President has selected a man "upright, able, and faithful."

THE THORNS OF TRAVEL.

"A **Subscriber**" writes to the *Times* the story of his experience upon a railroad. He went to the Erie station at the foot of Twenty-third Street, and asked for a ticket to Niagara Falls, the advertised price of which was seven dollars. He was asked by "the bland and gentlemanly agent" if he intended to return by the same road. He said no. Thereupon he was politely informed that the fare would be eight dollars and seventy-five cents. He was unwilling to turn away, and paid the sum demanded, with the impression that he was swindled. When near Buffalo the conductor informed him that he must wait at that place for three hours, and gave him sixty-five cents to pay his fare to Niagara Falls. He improved the delay in writing his letter to warn his fellow-citizens of the snare into which he had fallen.

And he did well. He did what every traveler ought to do under the circumstances, and what most travelers are too lazy or thoughtless to do. It is only of the great catastrophes that the public hears, not of the myriad small vexations that sting the traveler. The constant failure to make time, and the consequent "making up"—the minor miseries at the Mugby Junctions—the runnings off the track, and the slight collisions without serious results—the toleration of drunken passengers, and all the annoyances which the traveler habitually suffers, seem to him not worth talking about, and he half fears to be called an old Betty. But the public pays quite enough for its railway accommodation to have it of the best; and it will certainly not be of the best without the incessant spur of exposure.

The posted placard announces, "To Niagara Falls via Erie Railroad for $7." It seems that the condition is, that you will take a return ticket by the same road; but the condition is not mentioned. This is mere petty swindling, and of a kind that we have known before. Perhaps the Company will explain it. If not, we shall all have cause for still greater gratitude to Governor **Hoffman** for continuing the present direction of the road beyond the term for which it was elected.

NOTES.

The Democratic Bourbons who are victorious every where else must attend to Wisconsin, where the Democratic Convention lately resolved that it "rejoices in the extinction of slavery; in the prompt and general acquiescence of the Southern people in the results of the war; in every well-directed effort for the enlightenment and elevation of oppressed humanity at home and abroad; and in every measure compatible with good government and public order to broaden the basis of suffrage and extend the blessings of free institutions to all classes of the people." It then proceeds to deplore that the policy of the Republican party defeats all these desirable ends; but that is of course. Here is a Democratic Convention that turns **Onesimus** out of doors, and finds no revelation in heels and shinbones of the right of a man with a white skin to "wallop" a man with a black. But, as if to show that this is merely a cutaneous virtue, the same Convention resolved that the national bonds ought to be taxed. The Wisconsin Democracy, after all, is a "humanity" that needs "well-directed efforts for its enlightenment."

Judge Dent has been nominated for Governor in Mississippi by those who are called the Conservative Republicans, and who are a party composed of some fifty Democrats to one Republican. Meanwhile, the Republican party is well organized, its platform is published, and its nominations made. The platform is wise, generous, and progressive, including amnesty and education; nor is there the least reasonable ground alleged for the Dent which a few of its professed friends are trying to make, with the aid of its enemies, in the party. The "Conservative" movement in Mississippi is as suspicious as all other movements which take that fine name. It is really the attempt of those who are least disposed to acquiesce in the settlement of reconstruction to obtain power under false pretenses. And as Judge **Dent**, whatever his excellent qualities, is a most undoubted "carpet-bagger"—a fact so repulsive to the Democratic press—we shall expect to have it duly set forth with gibes and grimaces in the "Conservative" journals.

Chief Justice Chase has written a cheerful letter to Mr. **James A. Briggs**, in which he says, "I want nothing whatever of a political character, and desire that my name may be disassociated in men's minds with all political action." When he was younger he says that he thought he might do a great deal of good if the people should trust him with great powers; but now that he is older, he is not at all sure that he could do better than those who have been trusted with them. There is no reason to doubt that the Chief Justice says precisely what he feels; but he is too old a politician to suppose that he will be understood as meaning finally to withdraw from political life—to the point, let us say, of refusing to allow his name to be used, with a certainty of success, for a Presidential nomination by the surely winning party. In his "Reminiscences of Men and Events," just published, and full of interesting political correspondence and history, **James A. Hamilton** quotes an anecdote from the commonplace-book of Mr. **John Johnston**, an old merchant of New York. General **Washington** one day expressed a low opinion of Mr. **Jefferson**, saying that when he resigned the office of Secretary of State Mr. **Jefferson** said that he was tired of public affairs, and meant to live in private, even forbidding newspapers to be brought to his house. Speaking of this with General **Hamilton**, **Washington** said that he hoped Mr. **Jefferson** would be happy in his retirement. **Hamilton** replied that for his part he should not be surprised to see the ex-Secretary a candidate for the Presidency; and when Mr. **Jefferson** afterward became a candidate, even General **Washington** thought that his renunciation of public life was not sincere. Such is the fate of public men.

The great public services of Mr. **Vanderbilt** in buying and controlling the Harlem and Hudson River railroads, and in going round the world in his own steam yacht, have been recognized by Captain **Albert De Groot** and some other friends, who have caused the erection of a huge bronze statue, surrounded with emblematic designs of the methods by which Mr. **Vanderbilt** has accumulated an immense fortune.

Rockwood's very elaborate display of pictures at the Fair of the American Institute constitutes one of the leading attractions of the American Institute Exhibition. Among the pictures is a large oil-painting of the late **James Harper**, copied from the photograph taken a few hours before the lamentable accident which caused his death.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE AVONDALE DISASTER.

We publish this week, on our first page, and on pages 612, 616, and 617, a large number of illustrations of the recent calamity at Avondale, Pennsylvania, accompanied with a detailed narrative. The subjoined cut is a diagram of the colliery, showing the position of the shaft and the interior galleries. Among the papers in the possession of the company there is to be found no plan of this mine, which was comparatively a new one. But our artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, who visited the scene of the disaster, and from whose sketches our illustrations have been prepared, has succeeded in producing an accurate diagram from his own personal observations, aided by the efforts of J. Tisdale, the superintendent of a neighboring colliery.

The scene presented during the exhumation of the unfortunate victims can never be forgotten by any one who witnessed it. Upon the side-hill, as in a vast amphitheatre, stood the waiting multitude with anxious faces. The scene immediately about the shaft was gloomy in the extreme. The ruins of the breaker; the descent of the brave, stalwart miners, detail after detail; their reappearance at the top of the shaft with their sad burden from below; their evident exhaustion from the deadly gases which they had encountered; the recognition of the dead by friends, followed by the announcement, one by one, of their names—all these features made up a picture which can scarcely be rendered by pen or pencil.

But there was another scene that would baffle the skill of Doré to reproduce—a scene of which no record is left, for there is no one to tell the tale. This was down in the interior of the mine after the breaking out of the fire, when all the fresh air in the mine was being drawn toward the shaft to feed the relentless flames, and when the fatal gases were being driven back into the interior. The bewildered miners hurried to the front. Who can describe the tumult of that gathering, or the panic which followed when it was known that there was no hope of escape or of rescue? At length the victims had all assembled from every recess of the mine. Friends, hitherto separated, now had met. Their foreman, Hughes, was there, and to him they all looked for counsel. He seized upon the one resource that was left. If the fresh air could be imprisoned and a barrier built against the invading gases—then, perhaps, the men could live until help could come from above. Resolutely, under the orders of their captain, they fell to work and built the first "brettice" or barricade. There sat Hughes, as he was afterward found, giving instructions to the men and boys. But all in vain. At last, exhausted by their work, and overcome by the deadly enemy that would not be repulsed, they fainted at their posts and died.

Most of the victims—all but eight or nine—were Welsh miners. They had resumed work only a few days before, after a suspension of three months. But for that suspension a connection would have been made with the old tunnel, and through the outlet thus given the miners would have been secure against any calamity like that which has now proved fatal.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. James J. Brooks, a special United States Revenue officer on duty at Philadelphia, was shot by a party of ruffians September 6.

The Vermont election took place September 7. The Republican majority was 20,000.

The President has appointed General Sherman to act as Secretary of War until the vacancy caused by the death of General Rawlins shall be filled.

The Allentown Iron-Works, at Allentown, Pennsylvania, was destroyed by fire September 7, and a thousand workmen thrown out of employment. The loss is estimated at $300,000.

There have been sixteen cases of suicide in Lowell, Massachusetts, within eight months, mostly of young girls.

The new Senate of Kentucky will consist of two Republicans, two Independents, and thirty-four Democrats. The House of Representatives will consist of eight Republicans and ninety-two Democrats. The Fifteenth Amendment will not stand much of a chance in a body thus composed.

The Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, George H. Pendleton, made a speech at Cincinnati on Friday last, in which he opposed the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, because he regarded it as a material and radical change in the present system of government, and as destroying the constitutional relations of States to the Federal Union.

The Warrensburg coal-mine at Carbon Hill, Missouri, caught fire in the main shaft on September 6, while fifteen men were in the mine. Seven of the men succeeded in getting out by clinging to the ropes of an ascending car, although they were badly burned; but the remainder were forced to remain in the mine until the fire was extinguished, when they were rescued in a more or less injured condition, the foreman, Mr. Halvey, probably fatally.

On September 9 General Canby issued his proclamation declaring the result of the late election in Virginia. Gilbert C. Walker will be installed as Provisional Governor on September 21, and John V. Lewis Provisional Lieutenant-Governor on October 5. The Legislature will be called together October 5. The adoption of the expurgated Constitution is announced.

The Republican State Convention of Minnesota met at St. Paul September 9, and nominated Judge Austin, of St. Peters, for Governor.

Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, died at Nashville September 10.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Senate has closed its sessions, after adopting the Senatus Consultum. The amendment giving that body the power to elect its own President and which had been previously rejected, was finally passed at the Emperor's own recommendation.

There is a rumor, reaching us by a recent cable telegram, that the Emperor Napoleon may abdicate in favor of the Prince Imperial.

A fearful hurricane has swept over the north of France.

Ministerial responsibility is to be proposed in a measure to be introduced by the Liberal Party at the next session of the Prussian Diet.

There are 22,000 men, women, and children starving in two English counties. They have been reduced to want by a strike among the nail-makers.

The most elaborate preparations are being made for the Œcumenical Council. Twenty-three short-hand writers are engaged to make a record of the proceedings at the Council. They have been selected from different parts, so that some of them may be acquainted with every variation in the pronunciation of the Latin tongue. The Pope's dais has been placed in St. Peter's, and seats have been arranged for 750 bishops. "The seats are to be covered with serge," says the correspondent of the *Morning Post* (London). "They are considered to be rather narrow, so that obese prelates will be somewhat squeezed in them. Each stall has a writing-desk in front, with a spittoon underneath."

The Belgian Government has declined to join Bavaria in carrying out Prince Hohenlohe's policy respecting the forthcoming Œcumenical Council. The Government has also determined to send no official delegate to the Council.

Republican organizations in Portugal are said to be increasing in numbers and influence.

Lady Palmerston, widow of the late Lord Palmerston, died September 11.

Arrangements have been made to repeat the Boston Peace Jubilee at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, England.

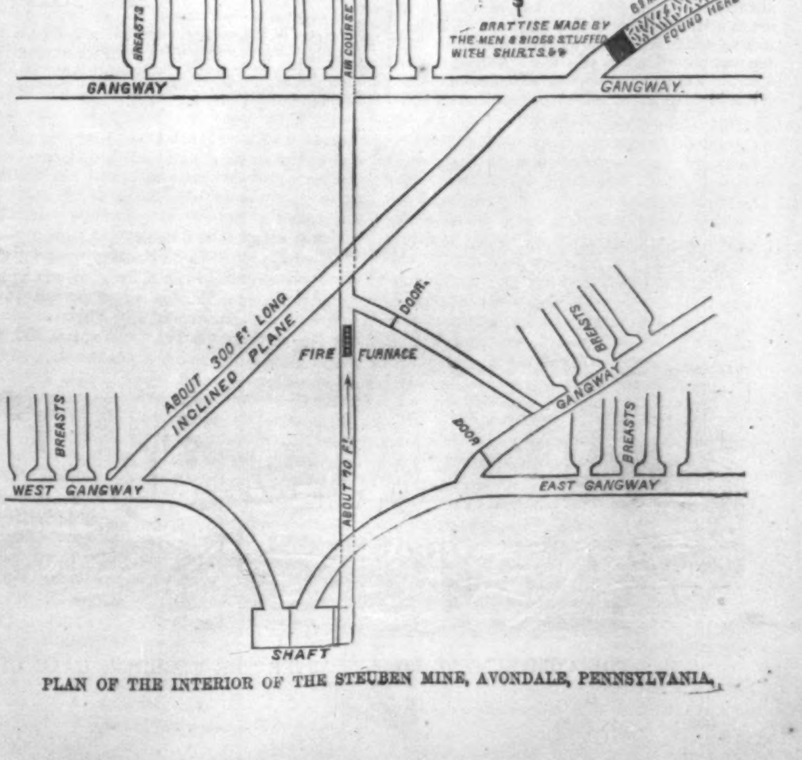
The London *Morning Post* says: "His Holiness the Pope is about to make great efforts to convert the negroes of America. Two hundred of them are now studying for the priesthood."

Letters received from Cuba at Washington on September 9, by way of Key West, purport to give full accounts of the battle at Las Tunas, which is regarded as the most important that has yet taken place. The fight lasted five hours. The Spanish forces were under General Valmaseda, and numbered over 4000 effective troops. The insurgents were about 6000 strong. The Cuban loss, as reported, is, killed, 72: missing, 47; wounded, 257. The Spanish loss in killed and wounded over 600. Two hundred of their dead and wounded were left on the field, 270 prisoners were captured, and nearly 400 deserted. The result of the battle compelled Valmaseda to give way and fall back on his fortifications. There is great rejoicing throughout the Cuban army.

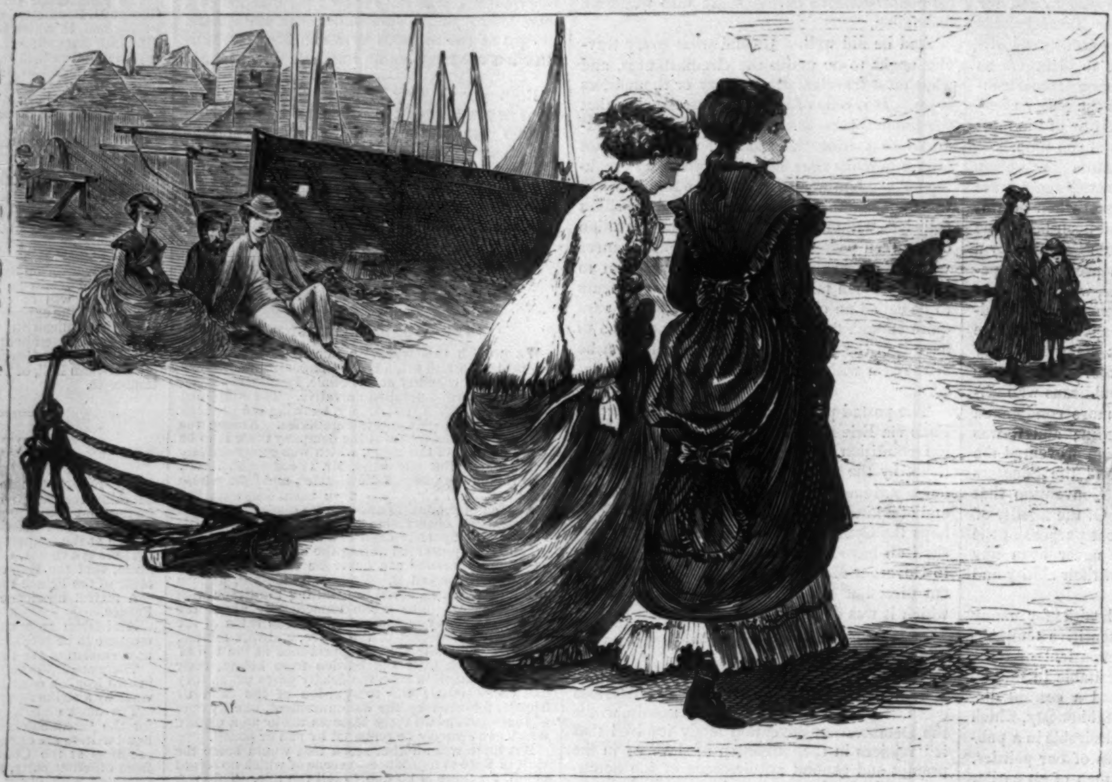
In the mean time 16,000 troops are reported ready to start from Spain to reinforce the Volunteers. General Sickles, our Minister to Spain, has notified the Spanish Government that, although the United States Government has not yet recognized the Cubans as belligerents, the situation may soon call for such a recognition.

It is reported that the Spanish Regency under Marshal Serrano will be extended.

King Victor Emanuel, of Italy, in reply to overtures made to the Duke of Aosta in connection with the Spanish throne, declares that his son shall never reign in a free country unless by the unanimous call of its Constitutional Chambers.



PLAN OF THE INTERIOR OF THE STEUBEN MINE, AVONDALE, PENNSYLVANIA.



DARK OR FAIR?—[SEE POEM, PAGE 614.]

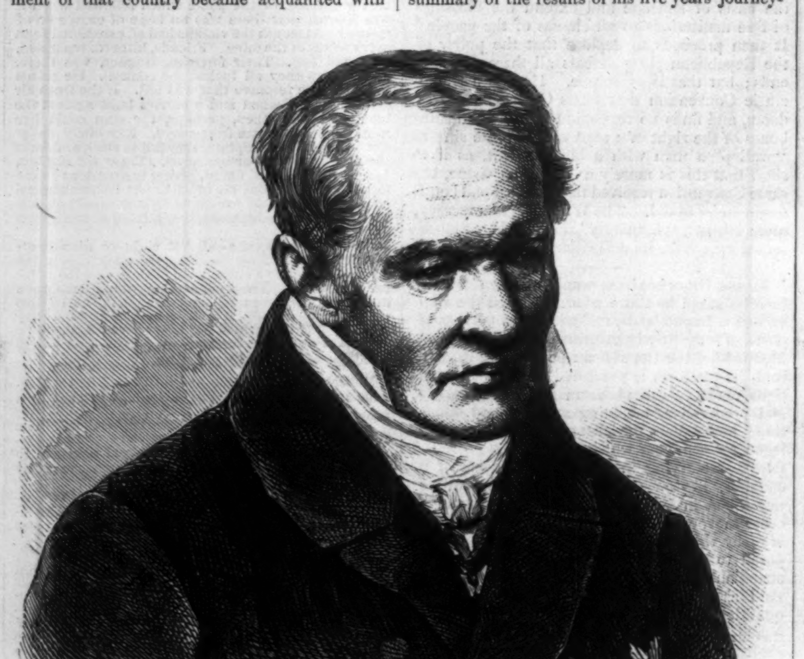
ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

THE 14th of September, 1869, was the centennial anniversary of the birthday of Baron ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, the great German traveler and savant. This anniversary was to his German countrymen a day of great interest, and in this country it was celebrated by them with peculiar enthusiasm. We give on this page an excellent portrait of Baron HUMBOLDT, who in many respects was the greatest man of his age. He died at Berlin, May 6, 1859, at the age of ninety years.

Few, if any, possessed so varied a range of attainments; no one ever used vast knowledge more nobly than he. The sciences — astronomy, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, natural history, physics, anatomy—were not more familiar to him than politics, law, and belles-lettres: in all he was a master. Whether we consider the sum of his additions to the general stock of known facts, or the valuable generalizations and laws which he deduced from the discoveries of others, we shall find it difficult to name any philosopher of the present day who can be compared to him. Personal advantages enhanced the fame of his mental triumphs. After a youth spent in the successful pursuit of knowledge under surprising difficulties and in spite of formidable dangers, he enjoyed a serene and beautiful old age, and set an example of rare industry and unvaried equanimity at a time of life when neither the faculties nor the temper are expected to be bright. Unlike many benefactors of humanity, he was fortunate enough to reap his reward in his lifetime. He saw his fame surpass that of conquerors and monarchs, and received, for the last quarter of his life, a homage more universal than any other man of his day. No funeral honors or posthumous eulogies can enhance the veneration with which the name of HUMBOLDT has been worshiped for a quarter of a century throughout the civilized world.

He was born at Berlin on September 14, 1769; his father was a soldier of distinction and a man of wealth. Left fatherless at the age of ten, FREDRICH HEINRICH ALEXANDER—this was his name—was carefully educated by judicious relatives, and spent a creditable career at the universities of Berlin and Göttingen. His taste for scientific pursuits led him to devote especial attention to geology and mineralogy; and, after a couple of years' study at Fribourg, he became, at the age of twenty-three, a director of the works at Baireuth. He had previously traveled extensively through Germany, Holland, and England, and had published a small work on the basaltic rocks on the Rhine. His labors at Baireuth increased his love for science: he made himself master of all that was then known of chemistry, galvanism, botany, and geology; and the death of his mother placing him in possession of independent property, he sold his estates, threw up his situation, and determined to devote himself to science.

Having decided to choose a new field for his observations, he was somewhat embarrassed in his selection. War was raging throughout Europe at the time. He proposed to explore scientifically Southern Italy, and actually set out with a friend; but the British cruisers compelled the relinquishment of the enterprise. He planned a tour through North Africa, and got as far as Marseilles; but the war again interfered, and he abandoned the project. He had met at Paris the late M. BONPLAND, then appointed naturalist to a scientific expedition to South America; but the war put a stop to this too. Almost in despair, he and BONPLAND resolved to devote themselves to a series of scientific experiments and observations in Spain, and left France accordingly. While they were in Spain the Government of that country became acquainted with HUMBOLDT's extraordinary attainments, and anticipated his fondest hopes by soliciting him to undertake the exploration of Spanish America. The offer was joyfully accepted.



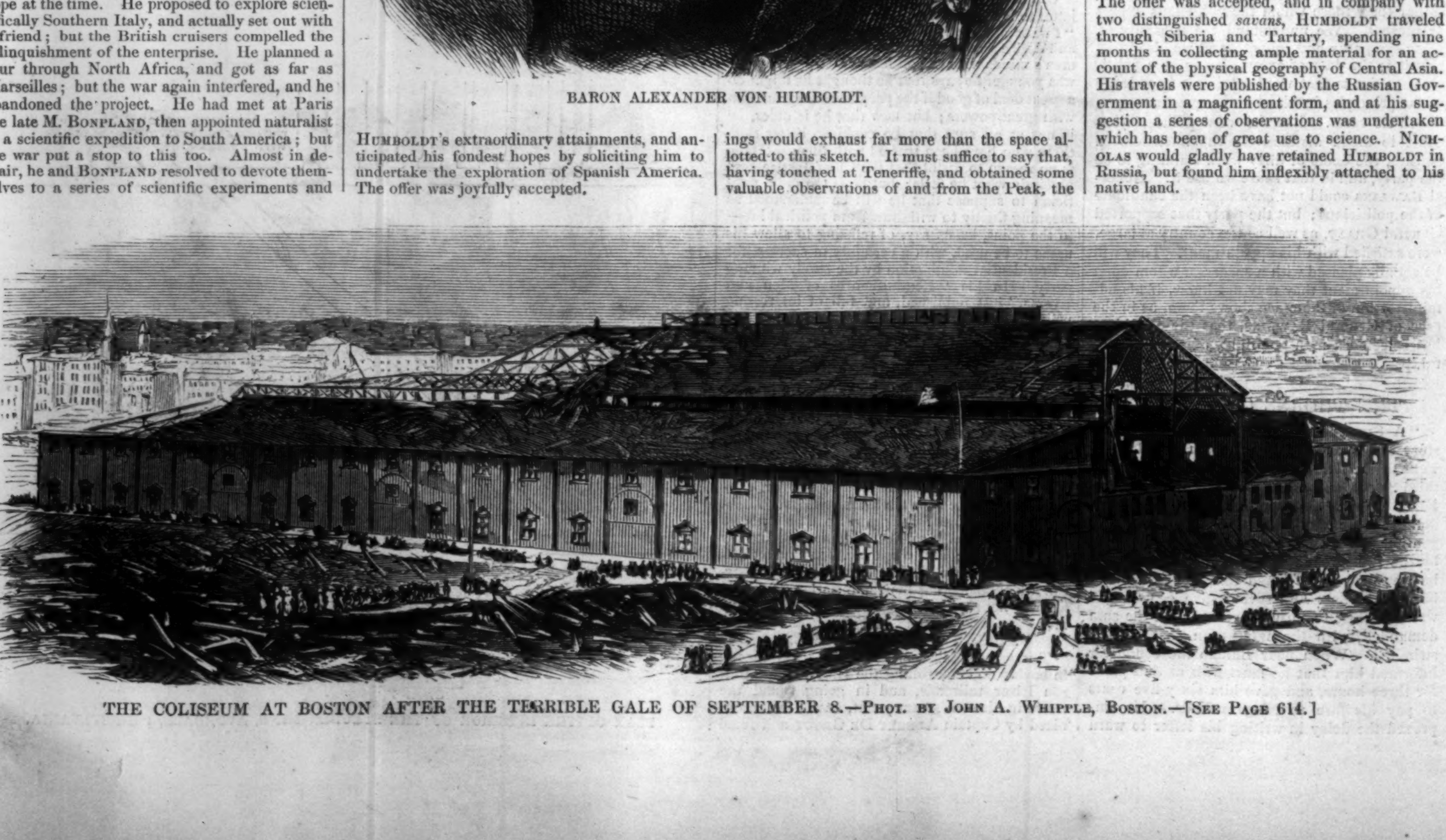
BARON ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

On June 4, 1799, HUMBOLDT sailed from Corunna on his great voyage. Even to give a brief summary of the results of his five years' journeyings would exhaust far more than the space allotted to this sketch. It must suffice to say that, having touched at Teneriffe, and obtained some valuable observations of and from the Peak, the illustrious traveler landed at Cumana, in the middle of July, and devoted eighteen months to a thorough exploration of the wilderness which now constitutes the State of Venezuela, laying down the true course of the Orinoco and other rivers, and collecting the materials for an accurate account of the physical geography of that section of country. From thence he went to Cuba, traveled over the island, and made so thorough an examination of its resources and peculiarities that his work on Cuba, old as it is, is the most valuable we have. In March, 1801, he left Cuba for the main land, intending to make Panama his starting-point. Accident drove him further south. He made Bogota his point of departure, and from thence, in spite of the rainy season, crossed the continent to the Pacific, and carefully surveyed Peru, Chili, and the whole Pacific slope of the Andes. It was during this tour that he made his famous ascent of Chimborazo; he attained an elevation of 19,300 feet—over three miles above the level of the sea; and amidst mists and cold so intense that the blood started from his eyes and ears, planted his instruments on a rock which the wind had bared of the eternal snows, and enriched science with an unprecedented series of observations. In Chili he was enabled to study the phenomena of earthquakes, as, in Venezuela, he had studied meteoric showers; his views on these important subjects have never been controverted. After spending twenty-two months in South America he repaired to Mexico, visited its great volcanoes, laid down the course of several of its rivers and mountain ranges, and obtained a thorough knowledge of the country. From Mexico he sailed, by way of Havana, to Philadelphia, and spent a couple of months in this country; from whence, at length, in July, 1804, he sailed for France, with the fruits of five years' indefatigable and intelligent travel—such a store of facts, drawings, and observations as no previous traveler had ever been able to collect.

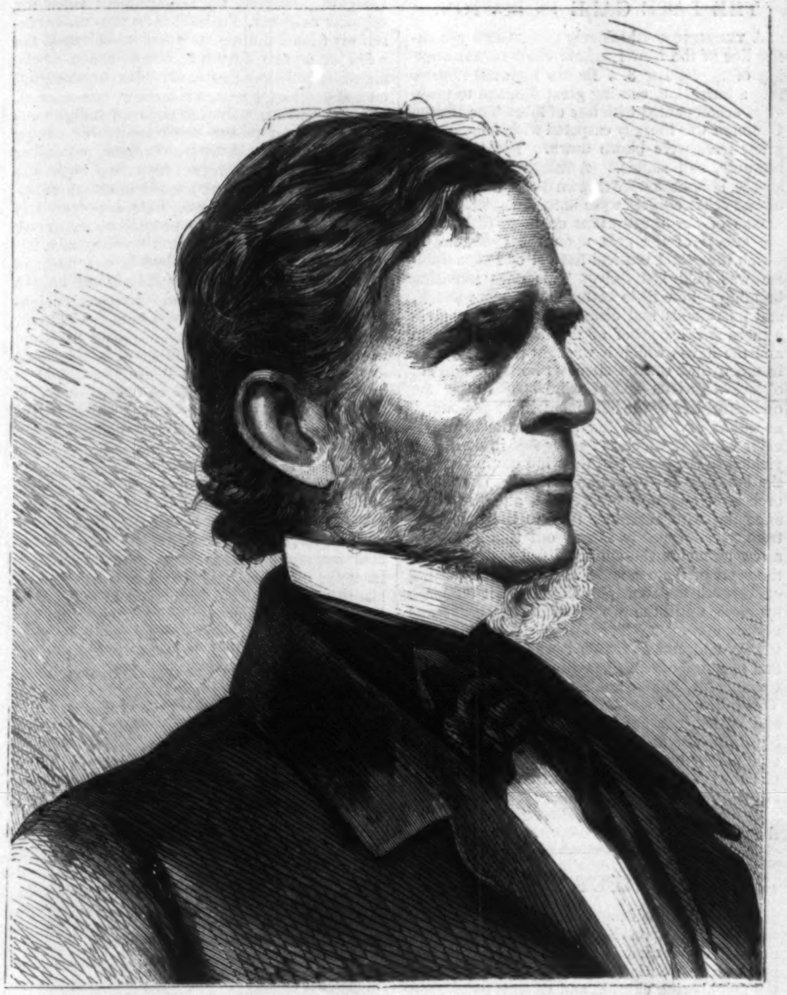
Some idea of the value of his American harvest may be gathered from the fact that his published account of his travels in South America and Mexico comprises seventeen volumes folio, and eleven volumes quarto, and costs $2000 a copy. It took him twelve years to write.

After the completion of this gigantic labor he traveled through parts of Italy which he had not seen, and spent some time at Rome at the villa of his brother WILHELM. He was enabled to witness a great eruption of Vesuvius, and obtained some valuable observations. In 1818 he finally took up his residence at Berlin, where he was eagerly welcomed by the king and court as well as by the *savans*. The Prussians were so proud of him, and so fearful of losing him—strong inducements were held out to him to settle in France—that he was made a councilor of state, and given to understand that no favor would be too great for him to ask. He had no political ambition, however, and was happy in being able to prosecute his studies.

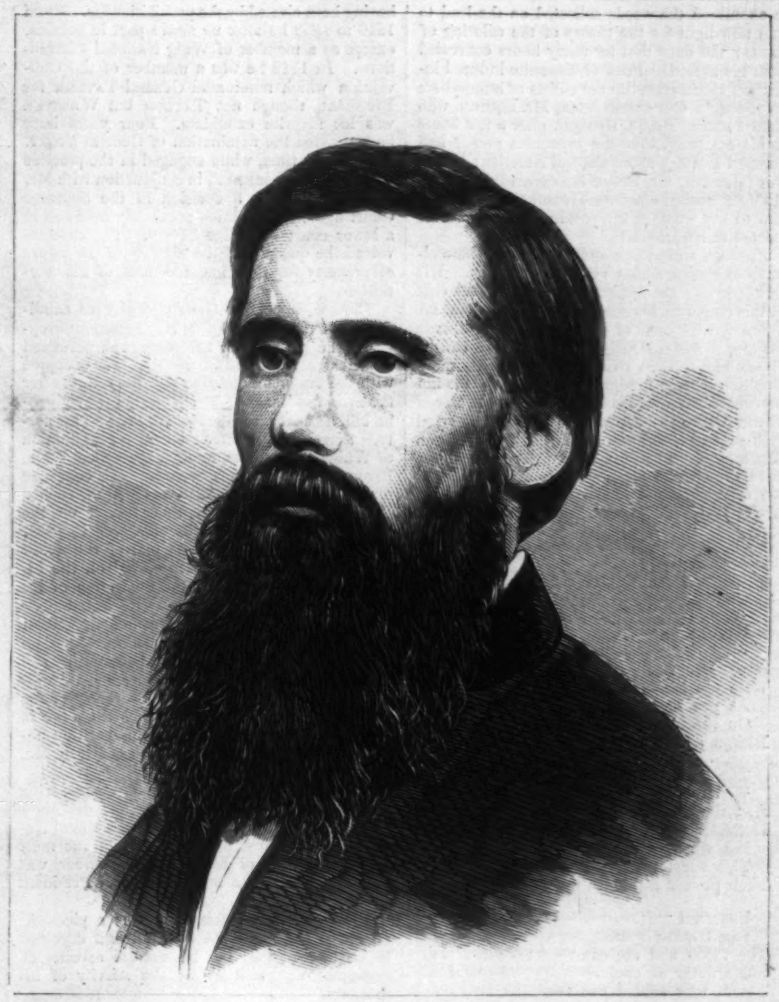
In 1829 the Emperor of Russia resolved to have a survey made of his Asiatic possessions, and offered HUMBOLDT the direction of the work. The offer was accepted, and in company with two distinguished *savans*, HUMBOLDT traveled through Siberia and Tartary, spending nine months in collecting ample material for an account of the physical geography of Central Asia. His travels were published by the Russian Government in a magnificent form, and at his suggestion a series of observations was undertaken which has been of great use to science. NICHOLAS would gladly have retained HUMBOLDT in Russia, but found him inflexibly attached to his native land.



THE COLISEUM AT BOSTON AFTER THE TERRIBLE GALE OF SEPTEMBER 8.—PHOT. BY JOHN A. WHIPPLE, BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 614.]



THE LATE HON. WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.—[SEE PAGE 614.]



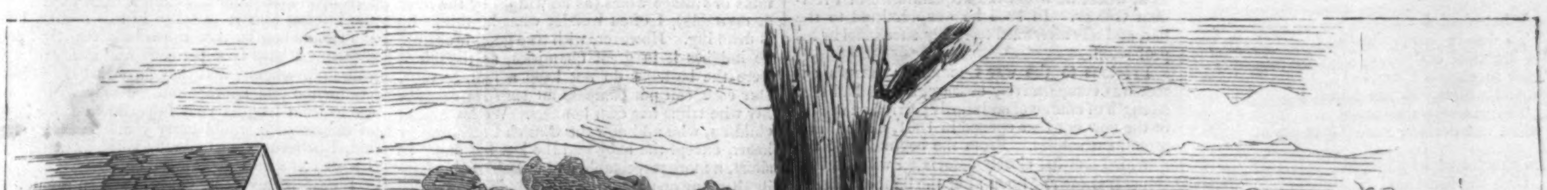
THE LATE HON. JOHN A. RAWLINS.—[SEE PAGE 614.]

On his return home HUMBOLDT found the revolutions of 1830 in progress, and filled his first diplomatic part by going to Paris, on behalf of Prussia, to recognize LOUIS PHILIPPE. He was much occupied then and for some years afterward in political concerns. With the King of Prussia he lived on terms of almost brotherly intimacy; and though his political opinions were much too liberal for his sovereign—he was, in fact, a thorough republican—he represented Prussia faithfully and honorably on several momentous occasions. The crisis of 1848 is said to have led to some decided expression of his liberal views, and for a time to have estranged him from his royal friend; but the separation was brief—the King was a very good man at bottom, and meant well—he could not live without HUMBOLDT, who, for his part, was so much engrossed with scientific concerns as to be rarely anxious about politics.

Shortly after his return from Russia he planned his *magnum opus*, which, he intended, should contain the sum of his acquirements, and should demonstrate the harmonies of the universe. To this great work he gave the appropriate title of "Cosmos"—the World. He began it in 1831; but for a long period the work was interrupted, and the first volume did not appear till many years afterward. The fifth was published shortly before his death. The work is so well known as to need no description here. It is enough to say of it that it contains the sum and reason of the knowledge of the most comprehensive mind of the present age.

The problem he sought to solve—the demonstration of the perfect unity of the divine purpose, and the harmony of all the divine laws—has not been solved, because all science is yet in infancy, and the sum of what we know is small in comparison with that which we have yet to learn. But any one who wants to know how much the human mind grasps, and how far the human eye has groped into the mist of knowledge, will find what he seeks in "Cosmos."

One of the most striking characteristics of HUMBOLDT was the remarkable quickness with which he turned every thing to good account—even accidents and disappointments. Every man was for him a teacher of something; every object a theme for study; every event a new problem solved, to be stored away in the proper shelf in his capacious mind. TUCKERMAN says of him: "If delayed by the events of war from embarking on his American expedition, he occupied himself in ascertaining the height of the central plains of Castile; when becalmed on soundings,



THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER—FRIENDS CLAIMING THEIR DEAD.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE DOUBLE PAGE.]

he examined the weeds collected on the lead to gain new light for the theory of the coloring of plants; the haze that for many hours concealed from his sight the Peak of Teneriffe induced ingenious speculations on the effects of atmosphere on vision." Our countryman, Mr. Squier, who visited him at Berlin, thought, after a few hours in his company, that the rapacious *savant* had pumped him dry about Central America; but he was mistaken, for, before his departure, an urgent note reached him from Humboldt, imploring him to say whether the potato disease had ever existed in Nicaragua!

Between Americans and Humboldt there always existed a strong bond of sympathy. His early travels; the respect shown him on his visit to this country; his republican opinions, and his intimacy with some of our greatest men, always led him to feel a strong affection for the United States, and to show to American travelers more attention than to foreigners generally. It is not enough to say that his regard was reciprocated by the American people. No foreigner enjoyed such general veneration in this country as Baron Humboldt. The proposal which was made to leave the Oregon dispute to his arbitration was one of the many evidences of the unexampled esteem in which he was held on this side the water.

DARK OR FAIR.

See Illustration on Page 612.

Maiden fair
With the golden hair—
Sweet Brunette
With the locks of jet,
As you roam side by side
On the marge of the tide,
I know not on which my heart I should set.

The hazel orb
Will the heart absorb,
And the eye of blue
Is tender and true:
But when both are together
This sunshiny weather,
Their powers combined must our peace undo.

Beautiful pair,
Our bosoms spare!
The moon and the sun
Shine never as one,
And why should you two
Both rise on our view
When either alone had our worship won?

From crown unto feet
In beauty complete,
Like the Night and the Day
Together you stray,
Past the pier and the shipping
So daintily tripping
In your pretty, bewitching, unconscious way!

The maiden fair
Would I gladly declare
My darling—and yet
There's the dark-eyed Brunette!
And I vow on my word
To say which I preferred
Is a question with terrible doubt beset.

What shall I do
To decide 'twixt the two?
So beautiful both
That to choose I am loth,
And which was the fairest
The sweetest and rarest
I could not declare, were I put on my oath!

Brunette and fair maid
Like Sunshine and Shade—
Each in her sphere
Is the loveliest here,
And I own I'm as fond
Of Brunette and of Blonde—
A shocking confession I very much fear.

THE LATE HON. WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.

For some days before Mr. Fessenden's death we were informed that his illness was serious, and that there were no hopes of his recovery. He died at Portland on the morning of September 8, in his sixty-third year.

William Pitt Fessenden was born October 16, 1806, in Boscawen, New Hampshire. He was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1823, and after four years' study of law was admitted to the bar in 1827. He began the practice of his profession in Bridgeton, Maine, but in 1829 moved to Portland, where he ever after resided.

Gaining prominence as a lawyer he entered into political life. In 1831 he was elected to the State Legislature from Portland, and was distinguished in that body for his skill and legal acumen as a legislator, and for the power which he displayed as a debater. At the expiration of his term he returned to the practice of his profession, and was soon known as one of the most distinguished members of the bar in his State. In 1839 he consented to run again for the Legislature, and was elected. He was then a strong Whig, while a majority of the Maine Legislature was Democratic. Notwithstanding this fact Mr. Fessenden was placed on the Judiciary Committee, and afterward elected Chairman of the Committee for the revision of the State Statutes.

In 1840 he was elected to Congress. His speeches on the Loan bill, Bankrupt law, and other measures, and his reply to Caleb Cushing fully sustained his reputation as a lawyer and as an orator. He declined a re-election, and but for the Democratic majority in the Maine Legislature would have been chosen Senator. In 1845 we find him again in the Legislature, having been elected by the prohibitionists. From 1846 to 1852 he took no active part in politics, except as a member of Whig National Conventions. In 1848 he was a member of the Convention which nominated General Taylor for President, though not Taylor but Webster was his favorite candidate. Four years later he supported the nomination of General Scott. During this time, while engaged in the practice of law, Mr. Fessenden, in conjunction with Mr. Webster, gained a decision in the Supreme Court against an opinion previously rendered in a lower court by Judge Story. The case involved the question of the liability of the owner of property for the fraudulent acts of his auctioneer.

Though supporting General Scott as candidate for President in 1852, Mr. Fessenden opposed the platform of his party, and predicted its defeat. His mind at this time was occupied with the imminent question of slavery, and, after the action of the Southern Whigs on the Nebraska bill, he advocated the formation of a new party. Scott was defeated; but by a combination of Whigs, Democrats, and "Free-Soilers," Mr. Fessenden was chosen Senator. His colleague in the Senate was Hannibal Hamlin, then a Democrat. Mr. Fessenden's speech on the Nebraska bill on the night of March 3, 1854, established his reputation as one of the ablest debaters in the Senate. He served on the Finance Committee, and on the expiration of his term, in 1859, was unanimously re-elected.

From this date Mr. Fessenden's reputation was a national one. He held his position on the Finance Committee during both terms, and his knowledge of monetary matters led President Lincoln to appoint him Secretary of the Treasury upon the resignation of Mr. Chase in 1864. He consented to retain his position until March, 1865, when he was succeeded by Mr. M'Culloch.

Mr. Fessenden's course in the Senate during Andrew Johnson's administration was eminently conservative, though he was a sound Republican from first to last. One of the most memorable acts of his Senatorial career was his vote against the impeachment of President Johnson.

Personally, Mr. Fessenden was a pleasant, affable gentleman. He was tall and dignified in his appearance; but his natural severity of demeanor was relieved by the suavity of his manners.

GENERAL JOHN A. RAWLINS.

General John A. Rawlins, late Secretary of War, died on the afternoon of September 6. The loss to the country will not easily be repaired; that sustained by the President is totally irreparable, for the latter has not only been deprived of a faithful servant, but also of a trusted friend.

John A. Rawlins was born in Jo Daviess County, Illinois, February 13, 1831. At his death, therefore, he was in his thirty-ninth year. He received a common-school and academic education, and until twenty-three years of age was engaged in agricultural pursuits. In 1853 he entered the law-office of J. P. Stephens, of Galena, where he made the acquaintance of President Grant. In 1854 he was admitted to the bar, and was afterward tolerably successful in his profession.

Previous to the war General Rawlins's career was comparatively obscure, but he had that strength of character and sturdy patriotism which, in the new era that opened in 1861, made him a prominent soldier. From the beginning of the war his record is closely associated with that of General Grant. Soon after the fight at Sumter a large public meeting was held at Galena at which Grant presided, and Rawlins spoke. The latter had been known as a Democrat, and his declaration in favor of coercive measures to maintain the Union had on that account a greater effect.

In August, 1861, he was a Major in the Forty-fifth Illinois, known as the lead-mine regiment; but at the request of Grant, then a Brigadier-General, he received an appointment as Assistant Adjutant-General, and was assigned to the officer at whose request the appointment was given. From that time he accompanied General Grant in all his campaigns.

He was made a Lieutenant-Colonel November 1, 1862, and a Brigadier-General of Volunteers August 11, 1863. He was first appointed Chief-of-Staff to General Grant in November, 1862, and retained this position after the elevation of the latter to the rank of Lieutenant-General. On March 3, 1865, he was confirmed brevet Major-General. His faithful services as Chief-of-Staff were fully appreciated by General Grant, who in no small degree owed his remarkable success to General Rawlins.

For a short time after General Grant's inauguration General Schofield remained at the head of the War Department. But the President decided to appoint General Rawlins to that place in his Cabinet, and finally prevailed upon him to accept it. He was unanimously confirmed, and his appointment was satisfactory both to Republicans and Democrats. Under his charge the affairs of the army have been conducted with increased efficiency, and with a wise economy of expenditure.

General Rawlins was a victim of consumption, a malady contracted by exposure during the war. His private character was such as to win the esteem and affection of all who knew him. His temper was equable, and his domestic relations were of the most pleasant nature. His first wife, whom he married June, 1856, died in 1861. In December, 1863, he married Miss Mary E. Hurlburt of Danbury, Connecticut. This lady, who survives him, is herself an invalid.

THE LATE GALE IN BOSTON.

A terrific southeasterly gale visited the entire line of the New England coast on the evening of September 8. Before nightfall it grew into a hurricane, causing great damage to property, accompanied with loss of life. The Boston Common was literally carpeted with foliage, and a few trees were blown down. The Old Elm, however, still stands. Awnings were torn to shreds, chimneys were thrown down, and churches and other edifices were unroofed.

One of our illustrations on page 612 shows the effects of the gale upon the Coliseum, in which the grand musical festival or Peace Jubilee was held last July. This once imposing building is now little better than a mere wreck, and its ruinous and dismantled condition gives a more striking proof of the fury of the storm and the havoc which it wrought than any other instance that can be cited. Shortly before six o'clock a furious gust of wind struck upon the orchestral end of the building "like a hammer," as sailors say. In a few minutes the large circular window, which is twenty feet in diameter, yielded to the blast, and the wind getting inside, the building quivered like a reed. The whole orchestral end now crashed in, and the blast, sweeping with resistless fury to the other extremity, as speedily forced out that end. In a few moments the whole edifice seemed to be the sport of the elements, and the wind, getting underneath the roof, playfully lifted it off piece by piece until the whole of the transept was rapidly unroofed. The air was darkened with falling and flying timbers, which were tossed and blown about like shavings. The crash was tremendous, and struck awe into all beholders. The organ was speedily leveled to the ground and buried in a chaotic mass of timbers. The big drum was also laid flat and pierced in several places by the falling timbers. Immense pieces of the roof were carried considerable distances, and fell on every side.

A large number of vessels were wrecked along the coast.

THE WIFE'S SECRET.

If I pride myself upon any mental endowment whatever, it is upon that humble one of Common-Sense. I live what is called by the intellectual people a conventional life. I have my pew in the neighboring church, and sit in it twice every Sunday. I know one captain in the army—just such a person as he should be—polished, and yet ferocious, gentle to ladies, but rather insolent to civilian males, boastful of his clubs, and giving all his leisure time, which is considerable, to the cultivation of his mustaches; but otherwise I am ignorant of the fashionable world and all its gay doings. I have made no endeavor to break through the gilded pale that separates it from the steady-going middle class to which I belong. I do not understand the feeling which prompts my superiors to be ashamed of being seen in an omnibus. Once every day I return from the City in one; and if it is wet I use the same conveyance in the morning to reach my office. I pay my tradesmen weekly. My best sherry is 48*s.* a dozen; and when the captain talks of vintage wines (as he will do by the hour at my table), I often wonder what he thinks he is drinking. However, with true good-breeding, he imbibes it in great quantities, as though it were the best. I do not keep a man-servant. Our cook can not compass an *omelette soufflée.* My wife trims her own bonnets. We have eight children, who all know the Church Catechism by heart, except the baby and the last but one. In short, a more respectable and unfashionable family than our own does not exist in all Bayswater.

Under these circumstances, it may be easily imagined that we are as free from the vices of the great as we are without their privileges; and this was, I honestly believe, the case until within a very recent period. When I used to read in the papers that the Lady Day Coltay (of Norman ancestry and bluest blood) had left her husband's roof, and fled with Major Flutterby of the Life Guards; or that it was rumored among well-informed circles that the gentlemen of the long robe would soon find employment in the domestic affairs of his Grace the Duke of Belgravia, I used to give a prolonged whistle, and remark: "Here they are again," in general reference to the habits of the *haut ton.* I knew that our hereditary aristocracy were given to these escapades, which in my own rank of life would certainly be crimes, and I perused such details as the press could furnish with an avidity unalloyed, I am afraid, with much reprobation. I seemed to be reading of a class of persons whose way of life was too far removed from my own to affect me, except as a spectator; just as when I went to the play I found myself in an atmosphere of intrigue, and misunderstanding, and jealousy, altogether unreal, and with which I had not the ghost of an experience in common.

Jealousy! Why, I had been married sixteen years without entertaining that passion, so that it was not very likely, however well acted, that that passion should entertain *me.* Misunderstanding! The thing was impossible, for whenever there promised to be "a row in the pantry"—and every married man will understand me when I make use of that metaphorical expression—I brought it to a head, and had it out, and off we started again (speaking for self and Mrs. R——) on the smooth current of our lives, with the little fracas buried forever in its depths. As for the mother of eight falling in love with another man—it is all very well in a stage-play, and particularly where the husband is a black man, and, as I have said, befitting enough among persons of quality; but upon the Notting Hill side of Bayswater any such mischance would, I felt, be out of place, and ridiculous—a social presumption, as well as a grave domestic crime. Imagine, therefore, my astonishment when my opposite neighbor, Peabody, who also calls himself my friend, did me the honor to call upon me a few weeks ago, to speak, in confidence, of the alarming conduct of my wife. Having demanded and obtained a private interview, this scandalous old person, who was once an indigo-merchant, and yet retains the trace of his calling upon his nose, set before me in detail a number of curious circumstances connected with the "goings on," as he was pleased to call them, of my wife, which he was not, indeed, prepared to say, "might not possibly be only coincidences, after all," but which he felt it his duty as a fellow-creature, and one who had been a husband in his time—here his lips made a dumb motion of gratitude—to let me know. Even as a neighbor, and an inhabitant of a common Crescent, hitherto remarkable for its respectability, and which, as I doubtless remembered, had declined to permit Mrs. Jones to put up *Apartments* in her window, lest we should be confounded with the lodging-house localities; nay, which, by the mere force of its public opinion, had prevented No. 484 from being let to a playactor—even in this character, said Peabody, he would have felt it his duty to make me aware of what was being said, though doubtless falsely, respecting the behavior of Mrs. R——. Here I should have locked the door, and informed Peabody that his last hour was certainly arrived, and that he had better make his peace with Providence before I cut his throat; but from ignorance of the proper conduct to be adopted in such exceptional circumstances, and perhaps from the knowledge that there was nothing but a paper-knife in the room with which to effect this righteous punishment, I only burst out laughing, and called him a meddling and impertinent old fool.

"Very true," returned he, for he always makes use of that form of words—"very true; but still the facts are worth investigating, even from their singularity. Do you know, for instance, that at eleven o'clock, three days a week, your wife goes out in a cab by herself?"

"No," said I, "I do not; though, if she does, it is surely better than if she had any ineligible companion. As a matter of fact, however, she does not do so, for I have offered to go shopping with her twice this week, and she has declined to accompany me upon the ground of having a sore throat."

"Upon what days did she give this excuse?" inquired Peabody, taking out his pocket-book.

"Last Monday and last Thursday," returned I.

"Well, here's a memorandum: *Monday 4th. Saw Mrs. R—— start, as usual, at* 11; *Thursday 7th, ditto, ditto.* She could not be going to a morning concert, because she had no white gloves on."

"I will grant that much," quoth I, sardonically, and yet not by any means unmoved by this unexpected intelligence. "My wife does not go to morning concerts."

"Very true," observed Peabody. "Then the question arises, where *does* she go to? Now, as an inhabitant of the Crescent—"

"Peabody," interrupted I, severely, "I acknowledge the right of no man—no, not of the man in the moon himself—to meddle in my affairs upon *that* ground. I am obliged to you for the interest you have taken in this matter, but the simple fact is, that it has been entirely misplaced. I have been perfectly well aware of my wife's movements, and they have had my fullest permission and approbation. I only wanted to see to what lengths your impertinence and love of interference would carry you. That is your hat, I believe; your umbrella is the alpaca one; I wish you a very good-morning."

I ushered my visitor out, and then sat down in my private parlor with my elbows upon the table, and both my hands thrust into my hair. I had temporarily extinguished Peabody, but I was on fire with jealous apprehensions myself. What *could* it all mean? For sixteen years my wife had never taken any excursion unless in my company, upon which, she had always given me to understand, she doted; and yet, after refusing to go out with me upon Monday and Thursday last, on the plea of sore throat, she had started, the instant that my back was turned, in a Hansom—or even supposing it was a four-wheeler—in a cab, without white gloves on, and— Confound it, here *was* a row in the pantry, and one which my peace of mind demanded to have cleared up at once. "Anna Maria," cried I, huskily, from the bottom of the stairs—"Anna Maria, I wish to speak with you immediately."

"Lor' bless me," answered my wife from the top story, "it isn't one of the children, is it, John? Pray tell me the worst at once."

"No, Madam, it is I," replied I, stiffly.

"Then it's the kitchen chimney," exclaimed she, in a dogmatic tone. "And didn't I tell Mary to have it swept a week ago; and now the fire-engines will spoil every thing, even if we are not burnt out of house and home."

Was it possible that this woman could have deceived me, as Peabody had said, and yet talk so simply of her children, and of house and home? By the time Anna Maria had got down to the drawing-room flight I began to be rather ashamed of myself. When the mother of eight reached my sitting-room door, with her honest face aglow with animation, and her voice so earnest about the soot, I did not dare to mention what I had in my mind.

"I called you down, dear, to say that I was going to give myself a holiday to-day, and to ask you to come with me to Hampstead Heath, and dine at Jack Straw's Castle this afternoon, it being such a beautiful day."

A ray of joy passed for an instant over her features, and then, as if recollecting herself, she began to stammer that she was very, very sorry, but really she had so much to do about the house just then; if I would only wait till Friday week, which was my birthday, then we would go somewhere, and she should enjoy it above all measure. This afternoon, however, the thing was impossible.

"Well," said I, gravely, "we have not many holidays together, and I am sorry. You had a sore throat on Monday and on Thursday, when I offered you a similar opportunity."

"Oh yes," answered she, shaking her little head, which is very prettily—could it be *too* prettily?—set upon her shoulders; "it was quite impossible that I could go out with that throat."

"Here," thought I, for she could not have gone out *without* her throat, "is some dreadful falsehood; but Peabody may have told it, and not she. Perhaps she never went out at all. Should I not rather believe the wife of my bosom than that scandalous old retired indigo-merchant? Was it not base even to suspect Anna Maria of deception? Doubtless it was; but yet I thought I would just satisfy myself with my own eyes."

"Very well," observed I, quietly; "since you can not come with me to-day, I shall go to the City, as usual. I don't care for a holiday by myself."

"Poor, dear fellow," said Anna Maria, coaxingly, as she helped me on with my great-coat, "I am quite grieved to disappoint you. Good-by, John. Mind you have a good luncheon; it's very bad for you eating those buns and rubbish."

"Ah, what a tangled web we weave," says somebody, "when first we practice to deceive," though after but a little trying, there's nothing easier than lying. I protest I felt like a pick-pocket, as I dodged and lurked about our Crescent, watching in the distance my own door, to see whether Mrs. R—— would cross the threshold. I suppose I have none of the attributes necessary to the profession of a detective; for whenever a passer-by cast his eyes on me I felt myself blushing all over, and hanging my head on one side, as a dog hangs his tail. I dared not, of course, stop *in* the Crescent, but loitered at the corner of a street which commanded it, now trying to dig up the tops of the coal-cellars by inserting the nozzle of my umbrella in their circular holes, and now eliciting mournful music by dragging it against the area railings. Exhausted with these exercises, I had been leaning against a lamp-post for about ten minutes, when the door of a house opposite opened suddenly, and a widow lady of vast proportions came swiftly out upon me, with her cap-strings streaming in the wind.

"Now just you go away, my gentleman," said she, in a menacing voice, "before the police makes you. *I* know who you're a-looking for, and I can tell you she ain't a-coming, for I've got her locked up in the coal-cellar. *I* know you, although you have not got your red coat on to-day; and mind, if you get another slice of meat in my house, I'll prosecute you as sure as my name's Mivins."

"Gracious Heavens, Madam!" cried I, "do you take me for a common soldier?"

"No, Sir," answered she, maliciously; "but for a tuppenny-ha'penny Life Guardsman, who never saw a shot fired in his life; and if ever you come after my Jemima again—"

I turned and fled—into the very arms of the abominable Peabody. "Make haste!" exclaimed he; "there is not a moment to be lost. No; the cab is coming this way; you may see for yourself whether I am not right this time."

And sure enough, who should drive by, at a rapid rate, but Anna Maria, in a four-wheeled cab, and without her bonnet, and *with a flower in her hair!* This blow, coming so closely upon the attack of the widow lady, was almost more than I could bear. "Where *can* she be going to?" gasped I, half unconsciously. "It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of."

"I have *heard* of similar things," returned Peabody, quietly, "although I never experienced any thing of the sort myself. Of course, I don't know where she is going to; but the direction she has taken is toward St. John's Wood."

I hastened back to my own house, and with the air of a man who has forgotten something, began to search in the pockets of a great-coat hanging up in the hall. "By-the-by," said I, as the servant who had let me in was disappearing, "I think your mistress must have got it after all. Just run up, and tell her I want to see her for a minute."

Emily Jane, who has been in our service ever since we were married, turned as scarlet as her cap-ribbons. "Sir," said she, bolder than brass, "missis has just stepped out; she has taken two of the little girls for a morning walk."

"Which two?" inquired I, looking this abandoned young person full in the face. Her subtle spirit was cowed by this course of procedure; she replied that she did not know—she didn't recollect—she hadn't paid particular attention, but she rather thought that it was the two youngest—all in a breath.

"In that case," rejoined I, pointing with withering scorn to the perambulator, "how comes *this* here? No, Emily Jane; your mistress must have taken out with her to-day the same two children that she took on Monday and on Thursday, when her sore throat was so bad that she could not go out with me."

"Yes, Sir," replied she; "it was the same two."

"Emily Jane," said I, solemnly, "always tell the truth. *I know all.* Where is your mistress gone to all by herself to-day, with her hair so neatly arranged, and a flower stuck in the left-hand side of her head? and that after telling me she was too busy to move out. Concealment is worse than useless. Where is she?"

"Wild horses shouldn't do it," returned the domestic, resolutely. "I told her I would keep it dark, and I won't betray no confidence as has been reposed in me. You must find it out all of your own head, Sir. Oh dear, oh dear!"

Here, to my confusion, Emily Jane cast her apron, by a sudden and dextrous movement, over her features, and in that blinded condition rushed down the kitchen-stairs like a bull stung by bees.

At that moment the front-door bell rang with a violence such as none of our visitors, except the captain, ever dare to use. My wretched heart seemed to experience a little throb of joy. He at least, then—and I confess my suspicions had been turned in his direction, for was it not his profession to guard us from foreign foes, and to destroy our domestic peace—he at least, I say, *unless there was more than one*— I dared not trust myself to finish the reflection, but opened the front-door with my own hands.

It was somebody in uniform, but not the captain. "Tele*graph* for Mrs. R——," squeaked the boy, in his shrill thin voice; "please to sign on the right 'and side." Then dancing a double shuffle upon the door-step, in order to keep himself warm, he broke forth into ballad, "There's somebody in the house with Dinah, there's somebody in the house I *know;* there's somebody in the house with Dinah—"

I didn't like his impudence, and I didn't like his song, but there was nothing for it but to submit. What could Anna Maria be doing with telegraphs? *From Rupert Merrington, 6 Cupidon Villas, St. John's Wood. Pray, be punctual this time. I am engaged after twelve. I trust you will be looking your best, not pale, as on Monday and Thursday.*

"There's somebody in the house with Dinah, there's somebody in the house I *know*—" I rushed out with the receipt in my hand, and the boy snatched it, and took to flight, for he saw that I was dangerous. What *could* this dreadful message mean? or rather what meaning could it have but one? Rupert Merrington! not at all a steady-sounding name, to begin with: the sender, too, was evidently no business-man, or he would not have exceeded his twenty words so foolishly. It had a military smack all over (and I didn't like *that* notion—a military smack!). Merrington was of course an assumed name. The handwriting was good, and so far unlike the captain's; but then people don't write their own telegraph messages. I felt that some immediate action was necessary, or that I should be suffocated. In a couple of minutes I was in a Hansom bound for Cupidon Villas, in a state of mind easier imagined than described; and yet I had often read descriptions of it in novels which professed to describe aristocratic life, and often had seen upon the stage (although principally in farces) the husband racked by jealous pangs.

What had there been to laugh at in that, I wondered now? Why should the tenderest emotions of the human heart be made the subject of buffoon— But what a wicked-looking set of houses were these which I was now passing! If bricks and mortar—and especially stucco—*can* look vicious, certainly St. John's Wood possesses a patent for—

"What number, Sir?" shouted my driver, through the little hole in the roof. "*This* is Cupidon Willas."

"I am sorry to hear it," groaned I, passing my pocket-handkerchief over my brow. "Don't mind me, my good man" (for his countenance evinced much dismay at my voice and manner); "I know it is not *your* fault that I am miserable. Please to pull up at No. 6."

Of all the wicked-looking houses in Cupidon Terrace, No. 6 was, it seemed to me, the wickedest. The round eye which formed its staircase window winked viciously in the sunlight, and in the garden door was a little grating, as though for the purpose of reconnoissance before admittance, which was not a little grating to me. The drawing-room shutters were closed. This latter circumstance gave me some satisfaction, since it might signify that Mr. Merrington was dead, but a glance at the gay attire of the servant-girl who answered my summons cut away this ground of consolation. "Is Mrs. R—— within?" inquired I, with a tone of assumed indifference.

"Well—yes, Sir—but you can't see her just at present. Mr. Merrington has a great objection to—"

"Confound Mr. Merrington!" cried I, pushing my way in. "I want to see my wife."

"Oh, your wife is it, Sir?" replied the maid, with a giggle. "Then of course you can go up, if you please, although it's as much as my place is worth. You will find them in the drawing-room."

"What! *there?*" exclaimed I, passionately, pointing to the closed windows.

"Yes, of course, Sir! That's the room they always sit in."

They *always* sit in? Then this sort of thing must have been going on for years!

I cleared the two little flights of stairs in a couple of bounds, and hurled open the drawing-room door like a catapult.

I found myself in a large apartment, darkened, indeed, upon one side, but well lit by a huge window (invisible from the front of the house) at its northern end. In the centre of the room was a raised structure, hung with purple, and rather resembling a scaffold decorated for the execution of royalty, and upon the scaffold sat my wife in an uncomfortable attitude, and with an expression of countenance that she only wears upon those ceremonious occasions which demand what are called "company manners." Between her and the window stood a gentleman with mustaches, and in a velvet coat—at an easel, and evidently painting her portrait. He elevated his eyebrows at my peculiar mode of entering the room, and looked toward my wife, as if for an explanation of the phenomenon.

"It is only my husband, Mr. Merrington," returned she. "Oh, John, I am so sorry that you found me out, for I had meant my picture to be a pleasant surprise to you upon your birthday next week. This was to be my last sitting but one; and nobody knows the trouble I have taken to keep you ignorant of my coming here. That stupid Emily Jane must have let it out."

"No, my dear," said I; "I discovered the fact for myself through the telegraph; and really I—I couldn't help coming down to see how the picture was getting on. It was so very kind of you. And, dear me, Mr. Merrington, what a charming likeness!"

"Well, it's not in a very good light, you see," rejoined he, deprecatingly. "Not having a room with a sky-light I'm obliged to block up those windows, and manage how I can. It makes the house dark, and, I'm afraid, caused you to stumble at the drawing-room door."

"Yes," said I, "that was just it; I very nearly came in head first. I—I only thought I'd look in on my way to the City. I won't interrupt you another moment; and, indeed, I have myself no time to lose."

"I gave the maid five shillings, and—thinking it would be more likely to insure her silence—a chuck under the chin. Then I wrote to Peabody from Bunhill Row (where my place of business is situated), to tell him that I would not make a fool of him any longer; but the fact was that, during the last few weeks, I had been making my wife sit for her picture, which he was to come and pass his judgment on as soon as it was finished: there was a question as to whether the flower in her hair was an improvement or not.

But I knew that Emily Jane would tell Anna Maria all about it. However, nothing was said until my birthday arrived, and with it the portrait, for which the dear creature had saved up her pin-money, and put herself to the greatest inconvenience. I declare my heart smote me for my base suspicions when I looked upon that honest face, which had never worn paint before. Upon that day she said: "By-the-by, John, when that telegraph arrived for me from Mr. Merrington, it didn't make you *jealous* at all, did it?"

"Oh dear no, my darling! Jealous of you? Impossible! Not, of course, that you are not beautiful enough to make all the world fall in love with you; but I never dreamed of such a thing."

"That's all right, John," said she, kissing me; but there was a wicked twinkle in her kind eyes as she added, dryly: "I am glad to hear you say that, for, do you know, my dear, I almost thought you *were* just a little jealous."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"WESLEYAN GROVE," at Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, is a small city of cottages. Encircled by the forest trees—so sheltered and secluded that they only peep out amidst the luxuriant foliage—there are not far from one thousand tasteful cottages of every conceivable style of architecture. They are all small, and most of them but one story high. The streets of this most unique village are simply paths through the woods; and so diminutive and fanciful are the cottages, and so lovely the grove, that the whole aspect is more like fairy-land than a real place in this prosaic world. In this beautiful location the "Martha's Vineyard Camp-Meeting Association" annually holds its religious services. Tents are erected, each capable of holding two or three hundred persons, and around the "preachers' stand" comfortable seats have been placed, sufficient to accommodate about three thousand persons. Over fifteen thousand people have been upon the ground this year.

Oak Bluffs is not simply a camp-ground; the place is sought by many as a healthy, quiet, beautiful watering-place. Its natural advantages are superior. Picturesque bays indent the coast; the sea view is unsurpassed; boating and fishing are excellent; and there is a fair beach for surf-bathing. Many who prefer quiet enjoyment in a spot where dissipation is unknown to life at a fashionable summer hotel, find their way to this sequestered nook.

Reports of every kind continue to arrive from the Wilderness. One visitor, who seems to have had a pretty good time, advises "those who love good fishing, clear, fresh air, delightful scenery, and honest sport, to visit the Adirondack region. But if a man trembles at the song of a mosquito, or the sight of a black fly, or if he looks upon a visit to the country as a business investment which will not pay unless he catches so many fish for so many dollars, he had better put a pin-hook on a piece of cord and fish in his cistern."

A most singular natural phenomenon is reported from South Carolina. During the war a young Confederate soldier was wounded, and his leg was amputated near the thigh. The wound healed rapidly; but about a year afterward a fleshy protuberance began to grow from the place of amputation. It took the shape of a foot, and since that time it has been growing finely, until now the man has a perfectly new foot and leg growing from his thigh, which, in a year or so, promises to supply the loss of his leg.

Bierstadt, the artist, has an elegant villa at Irvington. The house is of stone, and provided with a large studio.

Switzerland is the first foreign country which has entered into an arrangement with our Post-office Department whereby money orders may be transmitted between this country and Europe. The Swiss exchange office is at Basle. Money orders from this country will first be sent there, and then the money due will be transmitted to the proper person in any part of Switzerland.

A gas engineer in London has patented a new portable gas-making machine. The gas is manufactured instantaneously without the application of heat, and consists simply of an admixture of atmospheric air with the vapor from mineral oil. The air is admitted into the machine while the gas is in process of consumption, and is regulated in accordance with the demands upon the machine.

The "Eunadelphæ" recently invited Mr. Horace Greeley to breakfast with them at the Woman's Bureau, and for a couple of hours discussed their favorite topics, apparently with mutual satisfaction. Miss Anna Dickinson is President of the "Eunadelphia," and the society is composed of those only who take a decided stand on the question of woman suffrage, and have for their special object the general welfare of woman. It is rumored that one feature of the society is to give breakfasts to different public men whose influence would be helpful to the cause.

A Senator recently sent one of his speeches addressed to "Hon. Wendell Phillips, care Rev. H. W. Beecher, Brooklyn." Mr. Beecher sent the MSS. "in the original package," with the addition, "Boston, Massachusetts," and the memorandum, "Mr. Phillips is under my care, but for safety I keep him in Massachusetts. H. W. B."

Another scientific feat is promised at Niagara. A daring fellow designs taking an aerial flight across the chasm on wings, which are now being constructed at Hamilton, Ontario.

Rev. W. H. Murray did *not*—as some of the newspapers suggested he should—preach about wandering in the Wilderness when he first met his congregation on his return. On the contrary, taking for his text the passage, "And let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not," he endeavored to impress his hearers with the importance of vigorous Christian activity. Park Street Church was crowded to its utmost; and Mr. Murray gave evidence in his appearance that life in the Wilderness had been beneficial to his health.

There is a report that the Rothschilds are to invest $100,000,000 in United States Bonds.

A singular scene occurred in Buffalo early one morning not long ago. A drove of ninety Texan cattle, that had just been landed from one of the ferry-boats, became infuriated, and ran in every direction through the streets, goring and trampling every thing that came in their way. One man was tossed by a mad bull into Niagara Street Park, a woman was fatally gored, and several other persons injured. Some of the cattle swam across the Niagara River and scattered on the Canada side. Had the stampede occurred later in the day, when the streets were crowded, the casualties would have been fearful.

The "perils of vaccination" seem to be exciting much alarm in London, especially among the poorer classes. One woman refused to have her child vaccinated, and was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment in consequence. One of her children had died, evidently from the effects of impure vaccination. In England vaccination is now compulsory. Most physicians, in this and other countries, are firm in their belief, founded on long experience, that vaccination, when properly performed, is an effectual preventive of small-pox. Dr. Ward, of London, after forty years' service in the National Vaccine Establishment, during which time he vaccinated 48,000 persons, says that none of them have died of small-pox, and only a small proportion have been revaccinated, which proves to his mind most satisfactorily the delusion of the idea that the protective powers of vaccination are diminished or worn out in course of time. One physician of the New York Dispensary, who had vaccinated 40,000 in sixteen years, has stated that none of them had taken small-pox after his vaccination.

Worth, the Parisian "man-milliner," does not think it worth while to cover *every* dress with trimmings. Recently, on being consulted in regard to trimmings for a dress he had just finished, he declared that none should be put on it—that "it was only an 800 franc dress." The general idea is good. If some of the superabundant trimmings were omitted from cheap dresses—to say nothing of expensive ones—ladies would manifest far better taste than is shown now in numerous cases.

According to an English physician of distinction, extreme ritualistic services have a special tendency to produce insanity; the incense and colors and perplexing genuflections so act upon the nerves and imaginations of excitable persons—young ladies especially—as to destroy or impair the reasoning faculties; in short, that they make people crazy.

A few days after the International boat-race a complimentary banquet was given at the Crystal Palace, by the London Rowing Club, in honor of the Harvard and Oxford boat-crews. A hundred and twenty invited guests were present, including Charles Dickens, Thomas Hughes, Edmund Yates, Captain Anderson, and many other notables. Mr. Dickens made a pleasant speech, in which he paid many compliments to the Harvards.

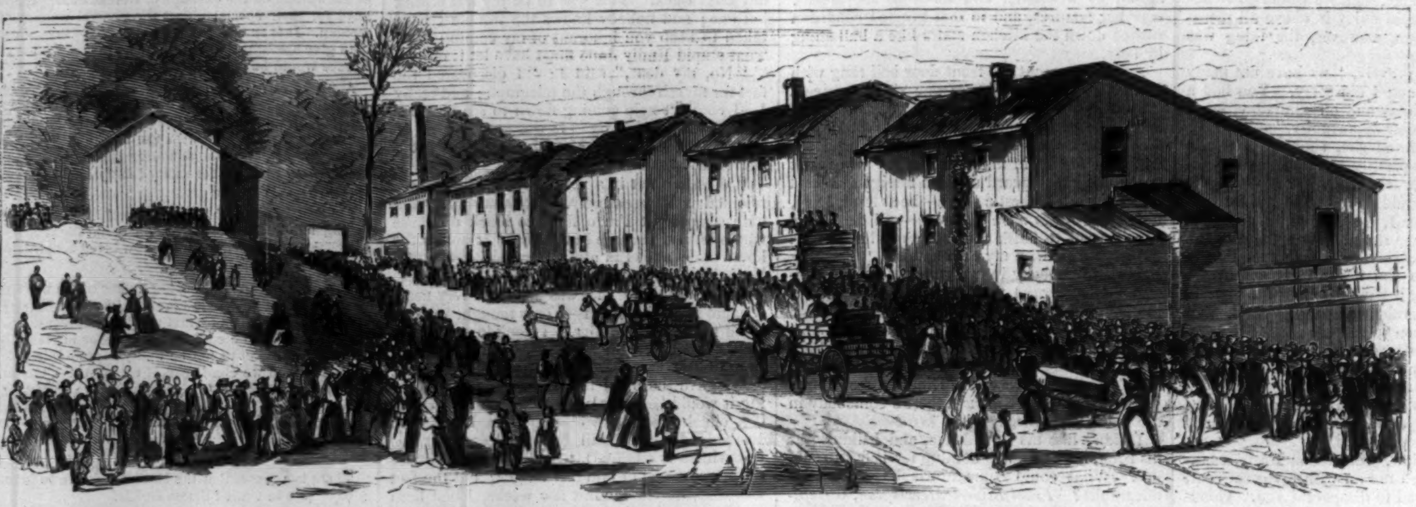
A nugget of gold weighing 106 pounds, and valued at $25,000, was recently taken from a mine in Downieville, California. This is, within a few pounds, the largest ever found in modern gold mining. From the Monumental Quartz Mine in Sierra Buttes, Sierra County, two men obtained in one day gold valued at $52,000.

A couple of Brooklyn burglars attempted, a short time ago, to transfer a quantity of dry-goods from a certain shop, in which they were employés, to an accomplice on the sidewalk. One of the burglars, while pulling a piece of goods from a bale on the upper floor, slipped and fell through the hatchway. His companion fled, leaving the wretched man to writhe in agony. Toward morning his wife, becoming anxious at his unusual absence, went to the store in search of him, and he was discovered lying in a mangled and insensible condition. He was removed to the City Hospital, where he died in the afternoon of the same day.

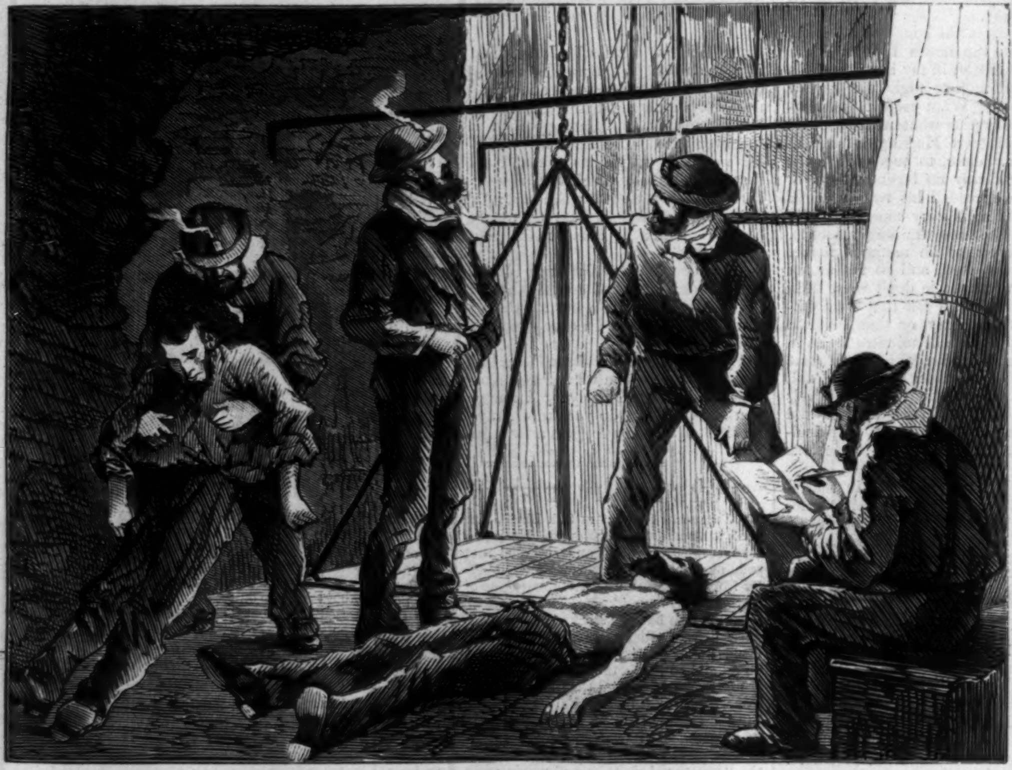
In a biography of the Czar Nicholas, which has recently been written by a Russian prince, the following incident is mentioned in connection with the commencement of his last sickness: The Emperor had ordered a review, and, in spite of the entreaties of his doctor, insisted on riding forth in the cold. Even when he was in the court-yard of his palace, Dr. Mandt renewed his supplications; begged his Majesty at least to throw a cloak over him. The Czar remained deaf to every warning. "Sire, you are ill: it will be your death;" and, at last, "Sire, it is suicide you are about to commit." At this expostulation Nicholas turned sharply and asked his physician by what authority he ventured to scrutinize his thoughts. He held his review, got a chill, and expired after a short illness.

Oregon will earn a good name among the lovers of salmon. There are twenty-five salmon fisheries, employing over two hundred men, between the mouth of the Willamette River and Astoria, in that State. Over a million pounds of this favorite fish have been put up in tin cans, and also about two thousand barrels have been packed.

The superintendent of the new post-office lately received numerous proposals for the use of the fence surrounding the government property in the Park for advertising purposes. We understand that a firm has obtained the privilege two years for $15,000.



THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER—STREET VIEW IN AVONDALE, PENNSYLVANIA.

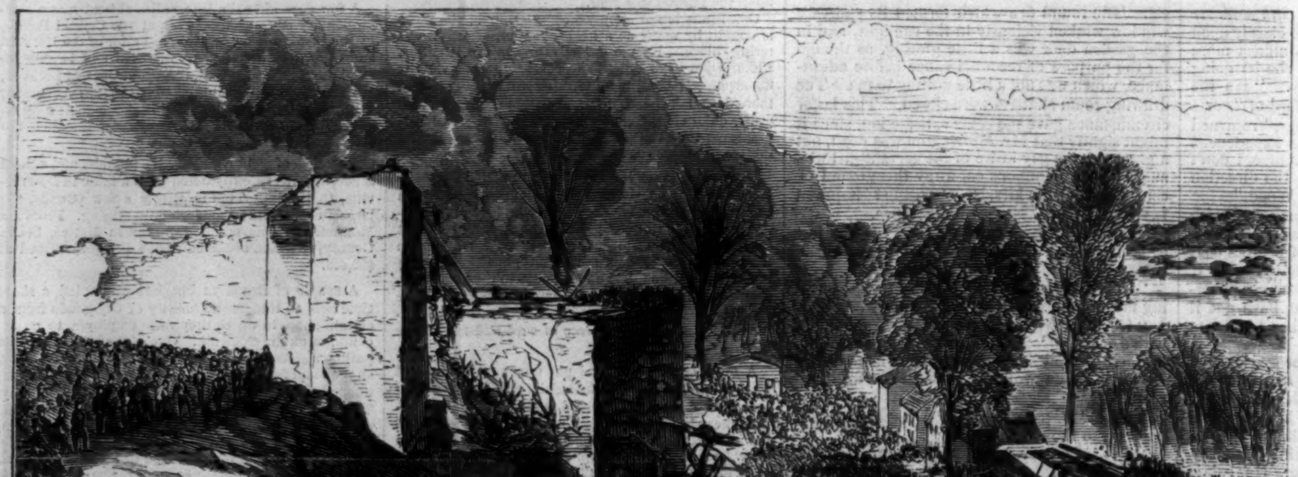


THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER—BRINGING BODIES OUT OF THE TUNNEL.

THE AVONDALE DISASTER.

THE scene of the terrible disaster which we profusely illustrate in this Number was at the Avondale Colliery at Plymouth, about twenty miles south of Scranton, Pennsylvania. It is situated in the Wyoming Valley, on the steepest and most commanding side of the Shawnee Hills. This colliery was reputed to be the best and largest in the valley. When in full working order it produced 700 tons of coal per day. For three months previous to the first of September it was idle, owing to the miners' strike. It was leased by the Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company, who also lease many other mines in the valley; and by this ingenious plan of leasing in place of opening mines themselves, they avoid the charge of being held responsible for the manner of their construction.

There is no doubt that the Avondale mine was one of the best and worst in the valley. The masonry-work, running down the sides of the shaft some twenty feet, was as strong as stone and cement could make it. The engine-house was firmly built, the machinery of the finest kind used in the colliery business, the breaker that covered the engine-house, and through which the broken coal was dispatched through a long shoot to the railroad track below, was built in the most substantial manner, and altogether the works to the casual observer seemed to leave no room for improvement. The shaft was sunk to a depth of 237 feet, with a space twenty-six feet by twelve, divided in the centre by a wooden partition, on one side of which the pure air descended to the mine, and on the other the impure vapors ascended to the top and were dissipated abroad. After going



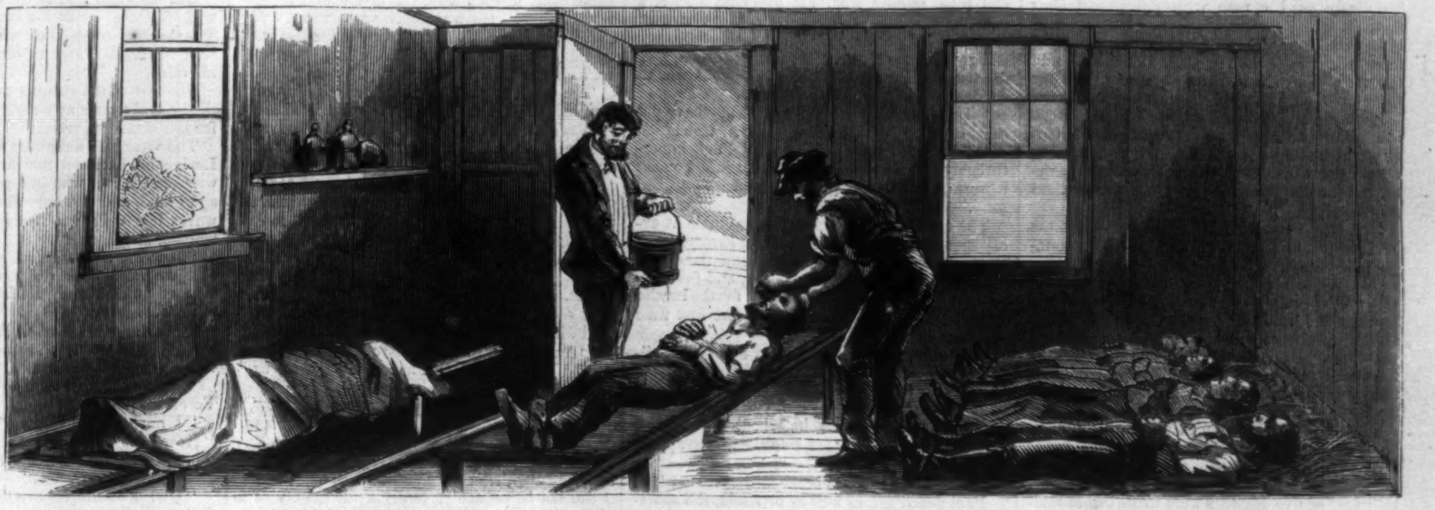
THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER—RUINS OF THE COAL-BREAKER.

BRINGING OUT THE

THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTE

THE EXHAUSTED MINERS.

STER—MINERS DESCENDING THE SHAFT.



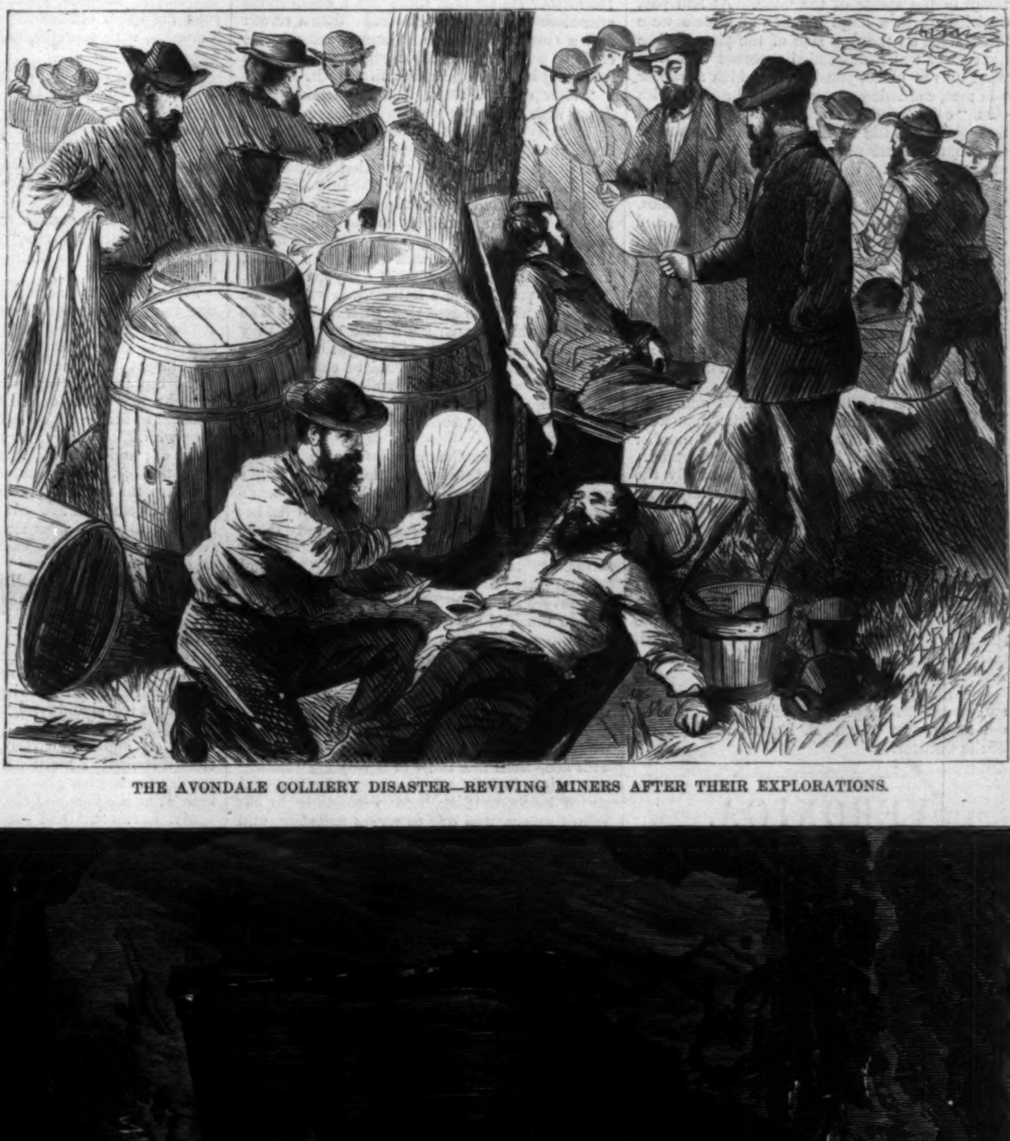
THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER—CLEANSING THE FACES OF THE MINERS PREPARATORY TO THEIR SEPULTURE.

in a sheer descent to the bottom of this shaft the explorer of the mine found on either hand two long galleries, or avenues, one branching east 1200 feet, and the other west 800 feet. Moving straight onward at right angles to the shaft, and at a distance from it of 220 feet, the furnace for creating a draught of air through the galleries and chambers of the mine might be found blazing away in dangerous proximity to the wood-work lining of the passage-way reserved for the admission of the fresh air currents.

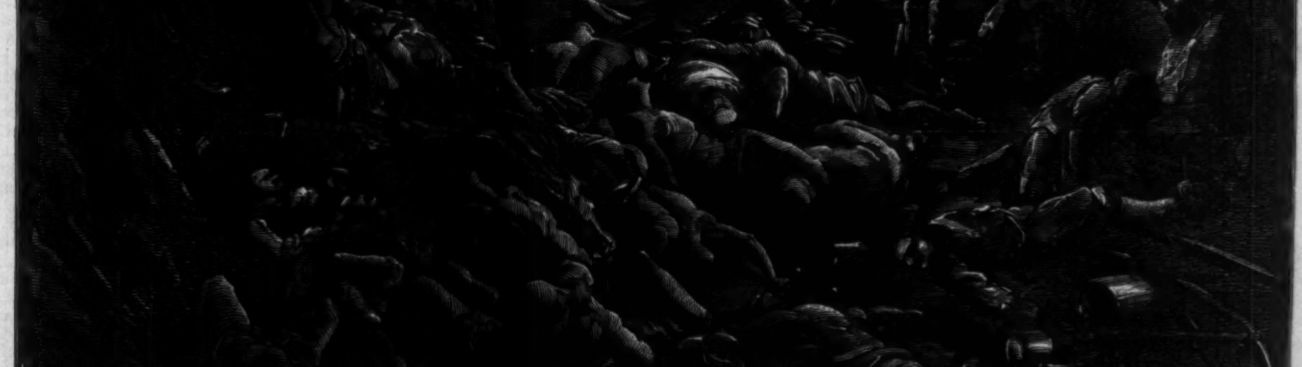
On the morning of September 6 a fire broke out, originating, as it appears, from this furnace. A spark ignited the dry scantling adjacent; the flames leaped forward to the bottom of the shaft, caught the wooden partition above-mentioned, climbed to the top, and involved the coal-breaker and the surrounding buildings in the conflagration. Whatever fresh air there was in the mine went to feed the fierce flame, while the sulphurous gases, having no longer an outlet, were forced back into the chambers and galleries of the colliery. As the buildings at the top of the shaft were consumed their ruins fell down and obstructed the only means of entrance to or of egress from the mine.

But what had become of the miners, of whom, by the first report, there were two hundred or more at work in the mine? This was the absorbing question of the hour. Their families were congregated about the opening in great numbers; and the miners from all parts of the region rapidly arrived to rescue their comrades, if possible.

About 6 o'clock P.M. a dog and lamp were sent down to test the air. The dog was found to be alive when drawn up, and the lamp had not been extinguished.



THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER—REVIVING MINERS AFTER THEIR EXPLORATIONS.



THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER—THE HEAP OF BODIES FIRST FOUND BEHIND AN EXTEMPORIZED BARRICADE.

Soon afterward a man went down, and after seven minutes returned and reported no difficulty in breathing, but said there were obstructions half-way down the shaft which he could not pass. The obstructions were removed so as to reach the bottom of the shaft by 7.15 P.M. The two men who had engaged in this work also penetrated a gangway about sixty or seventy yards, finding three dead mules, and reaching a barricade which the miners, retreating for safety, had extemporized to shut out the noxious gases.

The next two men who descended—THOMAS W. WILLIAMS and DAVID JONES—were suffocated to death. Except to recover the bodies of these brave men no further attempts were made to descend the mine until fresh air was forced down into the mine by means of a fan driven by a small engine. These preparations were not completed until 9 A.M. on the 7th. In the mean time a body of forty-six experienced miners was organized as a volunteer force to descend the shaft and make explorations. Several parties descended between 10 A.M. and 1.30 P.M., but they returned so completely exhausted that it was not considered safe to make any farther descent until the gangway was cleared of gas. Still four or five descents were made before midnight, but without effect.

Before 3 A.M. on the 8th two of the dead were found in the stable of the mine. At half past 6 o'clock A.M. a large number of miners were found dead on the east side of the plane. The next party which descended reported that they went up the plane, just beyond which a barrier was met, consisting of a car packed around with coal "culm" and clothing. This was cleared away, and a little further on a similar barrier was found. One man was found dead outside of the barricade. Upon the removal of this second barrier a pile of dead miners was discovered. These were found in all conceivable attitudes. Fathers had died embracing their children, and comrades locked in one another's arms. EVAN HUGHES, the Superintendent, was found sitting down with his head resting upon his knees. The work of exhumation continued all day, and by 9.30 P.M. seventy-two bodies had been brought up. As the bodies were brought to the top of the shaft their faces were cleansed, and they were thus prepared for the recognition of their friends.

By noon on the 9th one hundred and eight bodies had been exhumed, after which none were found—so that the first reports as to the number of victims must have been greatly exaggerated.

It is impossible to censure too severely the culpable carelessness of a mining company who, rather than provide, at the expense of a few thousand dollars, a second shaft for the safety of their workmen, preferred to risk this terrible loss of life. It is to be hoped that such a warning will not be lost upon other companies who have been equally negligent. We are glad that measures have been promptly taken to provide relief for the families which have been made destitute by this sudden calamity. It is a charity which appeals to all.

Our illustrations on the two preceding pages and on our first page are from sketches made by our artist, Mr. THEO. R. DAVIS, at the scene of the disaster.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book I.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONVALESCENT.

"PAUL!" cried a harsh, querulous voice from behind the curtains of the bed in the guest-chamber at Shipley vicarage. "Paul! Where the devil—"

Then followed a string of oaths in English, French, and Italian; not pretty rose-water expletives, such as are occasionally attributed in the pages of fashionable novels to irresistible young guardsmen and such-like curled darlings of the world. There was no odor of rose-water about these oaths. They were vile, fierce, blasphemous phrases, borrowed from the vocabulary of the ignorant and degraded.

Sir John Gale was the speaker. Sir John Gale was impatient and angry. When that was the case, Sir John Gale was apt to express himself in the strongest, coarsest, most ferocious language with which his tongue was acquainted.

Presently the door opened, and Paul came into the room. Paolo Paoli was a Piedmontese. He was a short, thick, ugly, middle-aged man, with grave light-colored eyes, set under overhanging brows. He had a shock of grizzled hair, and a broad forehead, and his face was clean shaven.

Paul had been a courier, and in this capacity had attracted the attention, and won the favorable opinion, of Sir John Gale. The latter had elevated Paul to the post of confidential and personal attendant on himself. A "confidential" attendant might seem at first sight to be of small value to Sir John, considering that he never voluntarily made a confidence to any human being. But there are involuntary confidences which we all make daily and hourly respecting ourselves. The recipient of these in Sir John's case needed to be stanch, patient, and discreet. Paul was all three.

He entered the chamber, bearing in his hand a tray covered with a napkin, on which was placed a small basin of soup.

His master saluted him with a volley of abuse for having delayed.

Paul very gravely set down the tray, raised his master in the bed, supported his back with pillows, threw a dressing-gown over his shoulders, and then, pulling from his waistcoat pocket a large silver watch attached to a black ribbon, said, "It is time for your soup, Sir."

Sir John tasted the soup, made a grimace of disgust, and launched another volley of oaths at Paul.

"This is uneatable—beastly! They have put sage, or some damned thing into it. Ugh!"

"Very good soup, Sir," replied Paul, imperturbably. "No sage. I saw it made. You eat it warm, Sir. It will give strength. Very good soup."

The convalescent continued to grumble at every spoonful; but he swallowed the savory, nourishing broth to the last drop. And then Paul removed the tray, mended the fire, and proceeded to lay out his master's clothes; for the invalid was to leave his room to-day, for the first time since his accident.

Sir John looked upward from among his pillows to where the window gave a glimpse of pale blue March sky, fretted by the skeleton branches of the yet bare trees.

"It's a fine day, eh?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir. Cold. You must be well wrapped, Sir."

"What sort of place is the sitting-room?"

Paul described, as well as he could, the apartment which he called the salon, and with the aspect of which the reader is already acquainted. He further stated that there was a comfortable arm-chair at Sir John's disposal; that a screen and a curtain had been arranged behind this chair so as to exclude all draughts; and that a foot-stool had been placed in front of it.

"How devilish weak I am!" exclaimed Sir John, with an almost piteous expression of face, as he essayed, with his servant's assistance, to dress himself.

This was not the first time that he had left his bed. He had been wrapped in a dressing-gown, and seated in an easy-chair by the fire-side in his own chamber, on several previous occasions. But now he was to venture into the sitting-room, have tea with the vicar's family, and make the acquaintance of the young ladies.

On the part of these latter there was a good deal of curiosity respecting their guest. The two girls did not even know with any accuracy what his personal appearance might be. True, they had seen him—if it could be called seeing when he was swooning, bleeding, mud-bespattered, on the ground at their gate. But who could judge of a gentleman's looks under such circumstances?

When Sir John Gale stood for a moment at the open door of the parlor leaning on Paul's arm, and looking his first look at the vicar's daughter and ward, this is what their eyes beheld: a man of middle height, slenderly made and somewhat high shouldered, dressed with scrupulous neatness—even with elegance—and bearing traces in his face and his attitude of recent severe illness.

How much of the worn aspect of his face, and the unwholesomeness of the skin—which looked as though it should naturally have been ruddy and plumply filled out, but which now hung white and flaccid over the cheeks, and in baggy wrinkles beneath the prominent dark eyes—how much of the sickly whiteness of the bony hands, white as a woman's, but knotted and plowed with deep lines like those of a very aged man—how much, in brief, of the general debility, and air of being used-up, now perceptible in Sir John's aspect, was due to recent suffering, and how much of all this had belonged to it for years past, the vicar's family could not tell. They accepted his appearance as being the natural appearance of a man no longer young, who had just arisen from a bed of sickness where his mind and body had both been severely tried.

He had sandy hair, slightly grizzled, carefully brushed, and so disposed as to hide, as far as possible, a bald patch on the crown of the head. He wore a pointed beard, and mustaches that curved fiercely upward. His nose was well shaped, although rather sharp and beak-like. The tell-tale mouth was partly concealed by the fringe of mustache. Altogether he might have been pronounced a handsome man; and he *was* pronounced to be so by many persons.

In the sitting-room awaiting him were Mr. Levincourt with Maud and Veronica. The latter wore a winter dress of rich claret color, relieved at the throat and wrists by ruffles of white lace—very fine old lace that had belonged to her mother, and that was, in truth, a little out of place on her plain stuff gown.

Maud was an inch or two shorter than her companion; she had broad, finely moulded shoulders, and a noble white throat supporting a head whose form and proportions were almost perfect. Her features were irregular, and not one of them could be called handsome, save the almond-shaped blue eyes set rather deeply under broad brows. Her wide mobile mouth was not beautiful, though its sweetness, when she spoke or smiled, was irresistible. But one beauty Maud Desmond possessed which appealed to the least cultivated appreciation: this was her hair, which was of a rare golden hue. When the sunlight fell on it, it shone as though each separate hair had been drawn out of burnished metal, and it was softer to the touch than silk.

On these two girls, and on their surroundings, looked, for the first time, Sir John Gale.

The vicar hastened forward to offer his guest the support of his arm, which the latter gentleman accepted after a moment's hesitation.

"I am ashamed," said Sir John, with a frank smile, which showed a bright range of false teeth, "ashamed and sorry to be such a bore and a nuisance. But the truth is, I had no idea, until I began to dress just now, how entirely my strength was prostrated. It seems absurd, but I am absolutely as weak as a baby."

"We are truly rejoiced, most truly so, to welcome you among us. Your strength will come back, undoubtedly. It is now only a question of time. Have patience yet a while. My daughter, Sir John Gale. My ward, Miss Desmond. Paul, be so good as to wheel your master's chair a little more this way."

The baronet took the hand which Veronica had half offered, half withheld, and bowed low.

Maud saluted him by a smile and a bend of the head, which he returned by a still lower bow than the first.

"I trust," said Sir John, when he was seated, "that Mr. Levincourt has been so very kind as to explain to you how impossible I find it to express in any adequate way my sense of your great goodness and hospitality."

His glance, as he spoke, included the two young ladies.

"We are very glad to see you so much better," said Maud.

"And the truth is, we have done nothing at all for you, Sir John; Paul would not let us," added Veronica.

"That man of yours is an excellent fellow," said the vicar, when Paul had left the room. "There are no such servants to be had in England nowadays. Veronica, give Sir John some tea, and then ring for another large cup for me. I can not be persuaded to drink my tea out of a thing no bigger than an egg-shell," he added, turning to his guest.

"Not to mention, papa, that these tiny teacups are quite old-fashioned now!" exclaimed Veronica, with a bright, saucy smile, which became her infinitely.

"Are they? How do you know? We live here, Sir John, in the most countrified of country parsonages, and yet— But, upon my honor, I believe that if you were to stick a woman on the top of the column of St. Simeon Stylites, she would nevertheless contrive in some mysterious way to know what was 'in fashion' and what wasn't."

"Perhaps it is a sixth sense implanted in us by nature, Uncle Charles," said Maud, demurely. "You know the inferior animals *have* these mysterious instincts."

Sir John's eyes had hitherto been contemplating the glossy coils of Veronica's ebon hair, as she bent her head over the tea equipage. Now, he turned and regarded Maud more attentively than he yet had done.

"I beg pardon," said he to the vicar. "I thought that when you did me the honor to present me to Miss—Miss Dermott—you called her your ward?"

"Yes; and so I am," answered Maud, taking no notice of the mispronunciation of her name. "I have no right whatever to call Mr. Levincourt 'Uncle Charles,' Sir John. But I have been let to do so ever since I came here as a very small child. I began by calling him 'Zio,' as Mrs. Levincourt taught me, in Italian fashion. But very soon my British tongue translated the appellation, and my guardian has been 'Uncle Charles' ever since."

Sir John did not appear profoundly interested in this explanation, although he listened with polite attention while Maud spoke.

Presently he and the vicar began discoursing of foreign travel and foreign places, and the girls listened almost in silence.

"Ah!" sighed the vicar, plaintively. "Bel cielo d'Italia! I know not what price I would not pay for another glimpse of that intense living blue, after the fogs and clouds of Daneshire."

Mr. Levincourt had succeeded in persuading himself that the three years he had spent abroad had been years of unmixed enjoyment.

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Levincourt," said Sir John, passing his bony white hand over his mustache; "Italy is not the pleasant residence for foreigners that it must have been when you first knew it. What with their unionism, and constitutionalism, and liberalism, they've sent the whole thing to the ——; they've spoiled the society altogether," concluded the baronet, discreetly changing the form of his phrase.

"Really?"

"Well, in fifty ways, things are altered for the worse, even in my experience of Italy, which dates now, at intervals, some twelve or fourteen years back. For one thing, that British Moloch, Mrs. Grundy, has begun to be set up there."

Veronica raised her eyes and uttered a little exclamation expressive of disgust.

"I should not think that mattered very much," said Maud, half aloud.

Sir John caught the impulsively uttered words, and replied at once. "Not matter? Ah, Jeunesse! I assure you, my dear young lady, that it matters a great deal. Mrs. Grundy is a very terrible and hideous old idol indeed. She can bully you, and worry you, and rap you on the head with her twopenny wooden staff."

Maud colored high at being thus addressed, but she answered bravely. "Still I can not see that she has power to hurt good people. I thought it was only the professional pickpocket who objected to seeing a constable at every street corner!"

Sir John Gale's studied good-breeding partook less of the nature of polish—which beautifies and displays the natural grain of the wood—than of veneer. The veneer, though not unskillfully applied, occasionally cracked, revealing glimpses of a rather coarse and ugly material beneath it. He had especially an egotistical proneness to attribute chance allusions to himself.

"Really!" he exclaimed. "I am to conclude that you suppose that I dislike Mrs. Grundy because I fear her? She is the policeman at the street corner, and your humble servant is the professional pickpocket?"

Maud looked painfully shocked. The color receded from her face, and then flushed back brighter than ever as she said, "Oh, Sir John! How could you suppose—? I—I beg your pardon. I had no intention or idea of any such meaning."

But Sir John had already begun a discussion with the vicar as to the comparative merits of Tuscan and Neapolitan wines, and seemed to have dismissed Maud's unlucky speech from his mind.

The rest of the evening passed pleasantly, until the early hour at which it was deemed well for the invalid to retire.

The vicar was delighted with his guest. Mr. Levincourt declared that he felt like some shipwrecked mariner who had passed years in a savage island, and to whose door the winds and the waves had drifted a stranger from the distant lands of civilization.

"It would be more civil, papa, if you had said that we were *three* shipwrecked mariners. A kind of Swiss Family Robinson," observed Veronica, laughing.

The exaggeration of all this grated on Maud's common-sense. But she repressed the protest which trembled on her lips.

"Maudie looks sagely disapproving," said Veronica, glancing at her.

"I am disapproving myself," replied Maud. "How pert and flippant Sir John must have thought me! My impulsive speeches are always getting me into trouble."

"Oh! I do not believe that Sir John will give the matter another thought. But if it weighs on your conscience you can explain, the next time you see him, that—"

"Ah, no: there are some things that can not be explained—to Sir John Gale."

"Why not to him? He is not stupid."

"No, he is not stupid, but— He is like some richly embroidered stuff I once saw: very gorgeous and magnificent at a distance, but a little coarse in the grain, and not to be touched with impunity by a sensitive skin."

"H'm! You little shy, proud, *English* owl!" exclaimed Veronica.

And then for a full half hour she remained staring silently into the fire, until her satin cheeks were quite scorched and crimson.

The next day was the nineteenth, and the two girls were in a state of agreeable excitement at the prospect of the dinner-party which awaited them.

The kitchen was pervaded by a smell of ironing. Joanna was smoothing out dainty little tuckers and a long white muslin skirt, over which Veronica's gold-colored sash was presently to stream gracefully. Early in the afternoon a wooden box arrived by a special messenger from Danecester, and was found to contain two bouquets carefully wrapped in cotton wool.

Sir John Gale—who had not yet left his room at that early hour—sent Paul into the vicar's study with a little note, in which Sir John begged that the young ladies would do him the honor to wear a few flowers that he had taken the liberty of procuring for them.

"A few flowers!" cried Veronica, with sparkling eyes. "They are exquisite. They come from Covent Garden. There's the man's name in the box. Look at these white moss-roses and the Cape jasmine! Your bouquet is mixed, Maudie; mine is all white. How perfect! Do look pleased, little icicle!"

"I am pleased," said Maud, with a certain constraint. "And very, very much obliged."

Veronica carried the superb exotics into the kitchen, and exhibited them with transport to the servants. The young lady had a genuine passion for applause and admiration. She could not be entirely happy without an audience to witness her happiness. It had been the same from her baby days. When, as quite little girls, they had owned a shaggy pony which was supposed to be the joint property of the two children, Maud had heartily enjoyed trotting out into the wildest bits of country she could find; but Veronica's delight had been to find an excuse for riding through the village, or even, if that might be, into Shipley Magna. And her chubby cheeks would glow and her eyes would brighten when she heard passers-by exclaiming that that was the vicar's little lass; and hadn't she a pair of eyes? And didn't she look like a fairy, flying along with her black curls streaming over her shoulders? So now, when she had the costly flowers in her hand, she could not resist displaying them to the servants; and she took a creamy spotless camellia from the outside of her own bouquet and laid it among the rich waves of her hair, and stood with a beaming face to be admired.

Catherine was in ecstasies, and declared, when her young mistress had gone away again, that she liked Miss Veronica, that she did, for she had such pleasant, good-natured ways with her.

But old Joanna smiled shrewdly, and observed that the lass was the very moral of her poor mother in some things; and that a bit of show-off was the breath of her nostrils. "Not but what," added Joanna, "Miss Veronica has more sense in her little finger than the poor missis had in all her body. And a will she has, has the lass, that's as stout as steel! A will for any thing she fancies, I mean: she can't be stubborn and strong about doing things as is only her duty. But if there's summat as she wants for her own good pleasure, you'll see she'll get it. It was the same wi' her since she could toddle, poor lass! Many a forbidden fruit she's aten, an' many a stomach-ache she's had for her pains!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE DINNER AT LOWATER.

VERY jolly Captain Sheardown looked, and very radiant his wife, as they welcomed the party from the vicarage into their warm, well-lighted drawing-room.

"Your reverence has had a cold drive," said Captain Sheardown, jocularly. And then he and the vicar and Mr. Snowe—who, with his son, Herbert, had arrived not many minutes previously—stood on the hearth-rug and talked of the weather, and the hunting, and the Colenso controversy, or whatsoever topic was then chiefly arousing the attention of the British public. Mrs. Sheardown, meanwhile, welcomed the girls, and installed them in comfortable arm-chairs, one on either side of her. Nelly Sheardown was about thirty-five years old. She had not been married more than eight years, for she and the captain had been constant to each other through a long engagement; and Tom Sheardown's head was gray before he could declare that his fight with fortune was fought out, and could claim Nelly Cherbrook for his wife. He was twenty years her senior; and there appeared to be even more difference between their ages. For Mrs. Sheardown looked younger now than she had done before her marriage, during the weary years of waiting that had sickened the heart with hope deferred, and graven lines in the face.

"How is your guest?" asked Mrs. Sheardown of Veronica.

"Sir John is getting much better: nearly well, thank you. It is such a comfort for papa to feel assured that all danger is over. It was a great responsibility, you know, having a total stranger in the house in that state;" thus, Veronica.

"None of his relations came to see him?"

"He has lived abroad, and has no family ties in England, Mrs. Sheardown."

"Poor old man! It is a lonely position for him."

Veronica gave a rapid glance at her hostess's honest face, and then buried her own among her flowers.

Maud laughed heartily. "Dear Mrs. Sheardown," she said, "do you know I have a notion that Sir John Gale does not by any means look upon himself in that light."

"In what light?"

"As a 'lonely old man.'"

"Oh! I thought—I didn't know—"

"Lady Alicia Renwick," cried Captain Sheardown's old servant, throwing open the door. And the hostess rose and went to welcome the new arrival.

Lady Alicia Renwick was the daughter of a Scotch peer, and the widow of a gentleman who had made a large fortune in some iron-works. Still further to the south than Danecester was a great black district whose horizon glared at night with a hundred lurid fires. And there the deceased Mr. Renwick had owned strange-looking brick structures, like pyramids with the angles rounded off, and with smoke and flame issuing from their summits. Lady Alicia did not inherit all the gold that was melted out of the iron ore in these grimy crucibles. Mr. Renwick had a numerous family by a former wife, and had provided for them all, handsomely. But his relict enjoyed an income which would have appeared princely in her maiden eyes, and which she now characterized as "genteel starvation." For there is nothing we become more easily accustomed to than the possession of riches. And a genuine love of money is one of the few passions that age, with its hollow voice crying "All is vanity!" has no power to weaken.

Lady Alicia was a tall, handsome, stiff old lady, who took a gloomy view of life, and who had a good deal of wit of a dry, bitter, biting flavor.

Her ladyship's entrance into the room was closely followed by that of a gentleman. Captain Sheardown, after having greeted Lady Alicia, called to him,

"Come here, Hugh. I want to introduce you to the vicar of Shipley. Mr. Levincourt, this is my young friend Hugh Lockwood. You may have heard me speak of his father."

"Who is the gentleman?" asked Lady Alicia, half aside, of Mrs. Sheardown, and looking across the room as she spoke, with a not unfavorable glance.

"Mr. Hugh Lockwood, Lady Alicia. You may remember, perhaps, that his father was a great protégé of the old Admiral many, many years ago, that is, before I ever saw my husband."

"Oh, ay, to be sure! I recollect it all very well now. Robert Lockwood was a Daneshire man born and bred. He came of humble folks, small tradespeople in Shipley Magna, but he had an aspiring soul, and he got it into his head that he was born to be a great painter. Admiral Sheardown had a taste for the arts, and helped the lad to an education. And that is his son, eh? Not bad-looking!"

Mrs. Sheardown explained in a few words that Hugh's father had done credit to his patron's discrimination, and had attained a good position among British artists. Robert Lockwood had died some years ago. His son was articled pupil to an architect in London; and having had occasion to visit Danecester on professional business, Captain Sheardown had invited the young man to stay for a few days at Lowater House.

Presently arrived Dr. Begbie, rector of Hammick, with his wife and daughter, and Miss Boyce, a lady who was staying at the rectory on a visit; and these completed the number of invited guests.

Betsy Boyce, as her friends and acquaintances called her, was a simpering, lively old lady who prided herself on her thorough knowledge of "society." She lived in London when she did not happen to be visiting at some country house. But her residence in the metropolis was never protracted; and her address when there was not revealed to many persons. She called cousins with half the names in the Peerage; and indeed Miss Boyce found a phrase or two out of that august volume act as an "open sesame" to many a comfortable home where bed and board were at her service for as long as she chose to remain. She was herself perfectly good-humored and humble minded; and, despite her eccentricities, she was liked and esteemed by those people who knew her best. But she had taken up the Peerage as a kind of profession, just as some reverend Mussulman divine adopts the Koran. She lived by its aid very comfortably; whereas Miss Elizabeth Sophia Augusta Boyce, with very few pounds per annum to call her own, and without any aristocratic connections, would have found it a rather hard task to make both ends meet. "Besides, my dear," she would say, confidentially, to some intimate friend, "I don't really humbug any body. Papa and mamma were both thoroughly well connected. It never did them any good that I know of; but you see it is a great mercy for me. If it were not for my family and my knowledge of who's who, I might mope by myself in a dingy lodging from January to December. And for me, who am the most sociable creature living, and who detest solitude, it is really and truly a blessing and a most providential circumstance that there are persons who care very much for that kind of thing."

Miss Boyce, then, was not unduly proud of her descent, but she had a pet vanity, founded—as are not most of our vanities?—on a much less real and solid basis of fact; she had somehow lost her reckoning of time, thought herself still an attractive-looking woman, and devoutly believed that mankind was deluded by her wig.

Captain Sheardown gallantly led out Lady Alicia Renwick to dinner, and the rest followed in due order.

To old Mr. Snowe, the banker, was allotted the honor of conducting Miss Boyce. Mr. Snowe was a slow-witted, matter-of-fact man. His manner was pompous, and the habitual expression of his heavy face seemed to say, with an air of puzzled surprise, "God bless my soul! If I did not know myself to be so very important a personage, I should suspect you to be laughing at me."

During the early part of the dinner Mr. Snowe was too honestly engrossed in eating and drinking to pay much attention to his neighbor; but when the later stages of the repast arrived he found himself compelled to observe Miss Boyce's lavish coils of false hair, flowing curls, and colossal chignon. He became a prey to a species of fascination that obliged him to watch some delicate artificial flowers which crowned the lady's head-gear, and which nodded, shook, and trembled, without intermission, in dumb accompaniment to their wearer's vivacious flow of talk.

The dinner-party passed pleasantly under the genial influence of the host and hostess. When Dr. Begbie rose, and, in an effective speech, rolled out in his richest tones, proposed the health of his dear friends, Captain and Mrs. Sheardown, and wished them many happy returns of that auspicious day, the general enthusiasm was quite ardent. Even Lady Alicia desired the servant to fill her glass a bumper, and grasped her host's hand with her bony fingers as she tossed off the Champagne.

Mrs. Begbie shed tears. But that may have been from habit; for Mrs. Begbie always made a point of crying at her husband's sermons. And perhaps his manly voice, alone, had power so to affect her. As compensation, however, when Captain Sheardown returned thanks, Mrs. Begbie was perfectly dry-eyed.

When the ladies left the table—by which time Mr. Snowe was openly and undisguisedly contemplating Miss Boyce's luxuriant locks with a fixed and stony glare—and returned to the drawing-room, they resumed a theme which had been discussed at the dinner-table, and on which Lady Alicia and Betsy Boyce were the chief talkers.

"Gale? Gale?" said Miss Boyce, meditatively. "No such name among the people *I* know. Sir John Gale! Never heard of him."

"How *very* strange!" murmured Mrs. Begbie.

"But there must be some people, I suppose, of whom Miss Boyce never heard?" said Lady Alicia. She spoke with a strong Scotch accent, rolling her r's very much, and pronounced "never heard" "neverr harrd."

"Millions!" exclaimed Miss Boyce, absolutely squeaking in her desire to be emphatic. "Oh, millions! Your ladyship's married name, for instance, was quite unfamiliar to me, although I remember very well—that is, I have often heard mamma speak of your father, Lord Strathgorm."

Lady Alicia smiled grimly.

"Well," said she, "my dear Miss Boyce, ye might very well remember poor papa yourself, for he only died in the spring of 'thirty.'"

"Goodness!" exclaimed Miss Begbie, clasping her hands. "Suppose Sir John Gale should turn out to be an impostor! A highwayman, or something. No: I don't mean a highwayman; I believe there are no highwaymen now, but I mean a swindler, or something; don't you know? Goodness!"

"Nonsense, Emmy!" said Miss Begbie's mamma. Veronica's face looked unutterable scorn, but she said nothing. The hostess asked Miss Begbie to play for them, and that young lady complied, not unwillingly. She drew very good music out of the grand piano. Her mother was complacent. Lady Alicia listened with a softened face. Betsy Boyce's ringlets quivered again as she nodded her head in time to a waltz of Chopin. Upon this peaceful scene the gentlemen entered in a body. Captain Sheardown took a seat beside Miss Boyce, and made her a few gallant speeches.

"Go along, you false creature!" cried Miss Betsy, smiling and tossing her head. "Men were deceivers ever. One foot on sea, and one on shore. Exactly! And you sailor animals are the most faithless of all. But I always loved the blue jackets from a girl, from a mere child! I recollect a most charming creature with whom I once fell desperately in love. He was an Admiral of the Red, and had only one leg, and a frightful scar on his face where a cutlass had gashed one of his eyebrows in two. He was seventy-four, and I adored him. It was in Ireland, at Delaney Park, in the year after—in short, I was a mere baby, not fifteen!"

"At Delaney Park? Really! That was your grandpapa's place, Maud, was it not?" asked Mrs. Sheardown.

"Possible! Are you of the Delaneys of Delaney, Miss Desmond? Ah, I remember the youngest girl married Sidney Desmond. To be sure! The eldest, Hilda, made a great marriage at the end of her first season. Poor girl! H'm, h'm, h'm! What is she doing, poor Lady Tallis? And where is she? No one hears or sees any thing of her now."

"We do not hear very often from my Aunt Hilda," said Maud, gravely. "Do you want me to accompany that song of Schumann's for you, Mr. Snowe?"

Maud walked away to the piano, and Betsy Boyce poured into the greedy ears of Mrs. Begbie and the old banker a recital of Lady Tallis's troubles.

"It was considered a great match, *the* match of the year (excepting, of course, the young Earl of Miniver, who was, you know, the richest minor in England, and married Lady Ermengarde Ermine, the day after he came of age); and, I remember, poor old Sir William Delaney was so delighted."

Mrs. Begbie, who was transported with delight at hearing *her* friend and visitor so fluent and familiar with these noble names, shook her head gently, and said that that was what came of worldliness. And how strange it was that parents should seek heartless grandeur for their children! For her part, she fervently trusted that Emmy would choose the better part, and look for sound principles in her husband, preferring them to wealth or rank. Though, on the score of birth (if Emmy were influenced by such mundane attractions), there were few families to whose alliance she might not aspire, her grandfather on one side having been a Gaffer—and it was unnecessary to say that the Gaffers were among the few old *pure Saxon* families extant—and her paternal great-grandmamma a De Wynkyn.

"How was it, then?" asked Mr. Snowe, senior, in his pompous, deliberate tone. "Do I follow you? Was Lady Tallis's marriage an inauspicious one, hey?"

"Mercy on us!" cried Betsy Boyce. "Inauspicious! Her husband is one of the most *dreadful* persons! Hilda Delaney was a pretty, good-natured fool when he married her. It was like the wolf and the lamb; he gobbled her up in no time—crunched her bones."

"Law!" exclaimed Miss Emmy.

Mr. Snowe cast a rolling and rather bewildered glance around. "That," said he, impressively, "is shocking, indeed."

"But how do you mean, Miss Boyce?" said Emmy, who took things a little literally, and was excessively inquisitive. "Of course I know that Lady Tallis was not really gobbled up—he, he, he! you have such funny sayings—but what did her husband do?"

Herbert Snowe's song ceased at this moment, and the conversation at the other end of the room came to an abrupt close.

Before the party broke up Mrs. Sheardown came and sat by the vicar of Shipley, and told him, smilingly, that she had a petition to prefer to him. She wanted him to allow Maud to remain at Lowater for a few days. The captain and she would bring Maud in to Shipley when they came to Church on Sunday; meanwhile they would send to the vicarage for any thing she might need. In short, they had set their hearts on it, and Mr. Levincourt must not refuse.

"I suspect you are not often accustomed to have any request of yours refused, Mrs. Sheardown," said the vicar, gallantly. "If Maud be willing—as, no doubt, she is—I consent with pleasure to her remaining."

Presently, Maud made her way quietly across the room to Veronica. The latter was seated on a small ottoman, which was made to hold only two persons, and was so contrived that one of its occupants must turn his back on the company in the drawing-room while the other faced them. Veronica was leaning back against the crimson cushion. The dark rich back-ground enhanced the purity of her white dress and the pearly tints of her shoulders. Familiar as her beauty was to Maud, she yet paused an instant to look admiringly on the picture presented by the vicar's daughter. Veronica was radiant with gratified vanity and the consciousness of being admired. It heightened the bloom on her cheek, and made her eyes bright with a liquid lustre.

As Maud approached, a gentleman, who had been occupying the other seat on the ottoman, rose to yield it to her.

"Do not let me disturb you," said Maud. "I merely wished to say a word to Miss Levincourt."

The young man bowed, and walked a few paces apart.

Maud told her friend of Mrs. Sheardown's invitation.

A strange look passed over Veronica's face. At first it seemed like a flash of satisfaction; but then came an expression of regret; almost, one would have said, of a momentary alarm. "Shall you stay, Maudie?" said she, taking the other girl's hand in both her own.

"Uncle Charles has said that I may, and—But I will not stay, dear, if you think it selfish, or if you fancy you will miss me."

"Of course I shall miss you, Maudie."

"Then I won't stay. I will tell Mrs. Sheardown so."

At this moment Emma Begbie came up to them, giggling after her manner, which was half spiteful, whole silly.

"My goodness, Miss Levincourt!" she exclaimed, bending over the ottoman, "*what* a flirtation you have been having with that young Lockwood! What is he like to talk to?"

"Very much like a gentleman," answered Veronica, with cold hauteur.

"Oh gracious! But he isn't really one, you know. Lady Alicia knows all about his father. He was quite a common person. But isn't he handsome, this young man? You must mind what you are about if you stay in the same house with him, Miss Desmond, for I am sure Miss Levincourt would never forgive you if you were to make yourself too agreeable to him. She evidently looks upon him as her conquest. Don't you, Miss Levincourt? He, he, he!"

Veronica looked after her scornfully as she went away. "What an ill-bred idiot that girl is!" she said. Then, after a moment, she added, "Of course I shall miss you, Maudie. But you must stay. You will not be away very long?"

"Only till Sunday. Was that gentleman who was talking to you Mr. Lockwood? I had not been introduced to him."

"Yes. Good-night, Maudie. The fly is come, I suppose, for I see papa telegraphing across the room. Good-by."

Veronica threw herself back in a corner of the fly, wrapped in her warm shawl and hood, and remained silent. The vicar fell asleep. In about ten minutes their vehicle drew aside to allow another carriage to pass. It was the well-appointed equipage of the rector of Hammick. The horses dashed along swiftly, their silver-mounted harness glistening in the moonlight.

Veronica drew still further back into her corner and closed her eyes. But she did not sleep. Her brain was busy. And the jolting of the crazy old fly from the Crown Inn at Shipley Magna kept up a sort of rhythmic accompaniment to the dance of strange fancies, hopes, and plans that whirled through her mind.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"EVERY thing has its use," said a philosophical professor to his class. "Of what use is a drunkard's fiery red nose?" asked one of the pupils. "It's a light-house," answered the professor, "to warn us of the little water that passes underneath it, and reminds us of the shoals of appetite, on which we might otherwise be wrecked."

At a fashionable church, where pews are eagerly snapped up at about a thousand dollars each, a young man and his newly-married wife recently attended public worship for two or three Sabbaths, and were so well pleased with the preacher that they resolved to attend regularly.

Accordingly, as they passed out one Sunday, the gentleman, calling the sexton aside, says, patronizingly:

"See here, I think, on the whole, I'll come here to church. Now, I want to hire two seats—good seats, mind you—on the lower floor, and now let me see all that you have to let."

"To let! did I understand you?" inquired the sexton.

"Yes; I don't mind paying four or five dollars extra for two choice broad aisle seats," replied the applicant.

"Young man," said the somewhat practical custodian, "we have no seats 'to let;' we do not do a retail business at this house."

A GAME OFTEN HEARD OF, BUT NEVER PLAYED—"Cricket on the hearth."

A DOMESTIC SONG.

From rosy morn to dewy eve, who is it makes my soul to grieve, and after all doth take French leave? My Biddy. Who roasts my meat into a coal, who breaks my nicest china bowl, and says she "didn't on her sowl?" My Biddy. Who polishes the kitchen floor, and in half an hour or more has it precisely as before? My Biddy. My pocket handkerchiefs and hose, who confiscates, under the rose, and wears by turns my nicest clothes? My Biddy. Who comes and goes whene'er she chooses, injures whatever thing she uses, and now and then to work refuses? My Biddy. Who slams, and bangs, and breaks, and smashes, who tears, and rends, and knocks, and dashes, who tips, and spills, and slops, and splashes? My Biddy. And shall I ever cease to be in bondage unto such as thee? My way is dark—I can not see. For Biddy. I only know my misery; I only wish thee over the sea; I only wish that I were free. From Biddy.

We have often heard of ships *running* into one another, but the other day we actually saw a house *fly*.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

Let no repugnance to a single state
Lead to a union with a worthless mate;
Although 'tis true you'll find full many a fool
Would make old maids the butt of ridicule.
A single lady, though advanced in life,
Is much more happy than an ill-matched wife.

Some one was talking the other day of the inconveniences which the Siamese Twins must suffer in being bound together by a ligature which could never be severed, when Robinson exclaimed, struck by a happy thought, "What a good thing it is that they are brothers! Just imagine what they would suffer if they were strangers to each other!"

"Do you," said Fanny t'other day,
"In earnest love me as you say?
Of late those tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls beside."

"Dear cruel girl," cried I, "forbear,
For by those eyes—those lips—I swear—"
She stopped me as the oath I took,
And cried, "You've sworn, now kiss the book!"

A wit being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it." But reflecting a moment, he added, in a tone of compassion and forgiveness, "And yet I don't know why I should be; he never did me any harm."

REPARTEE.

"The brass upon your face," he said,
"Would make a four-quart skillet."
"Your Honor's head," the girl replied,
"Has sap enough to fill it."

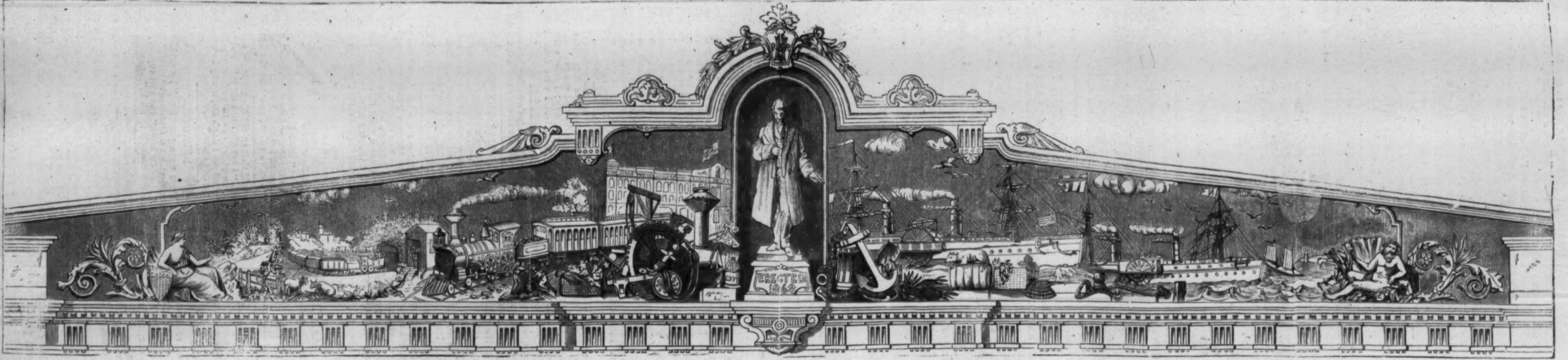
A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—"This medicine," said Dr. Squills, "after having been taken for a few days, will produce the change desired."

"What!" exclaimed the thunder-struck patient, "you don't say so, doctor?"

"It's a fact, Sir," said the doctor; "the science of medicine has now reached—"

"Well," said the patient, interrupting him, "it is wonderful! If you'd said postage-stamps, doctor, I would not have said any thing; but the desired change, doctor, it seems impossible."

A little girl, whose father had forgotten, at a dinner-party, to help her, on seeing him throw a bit to his dog, exclaimed, "Papa, I'se a hungely dog!"



THE VANDERBILT BRONZE MONUMENT AT THE NEW HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD DÉPOT, HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK.

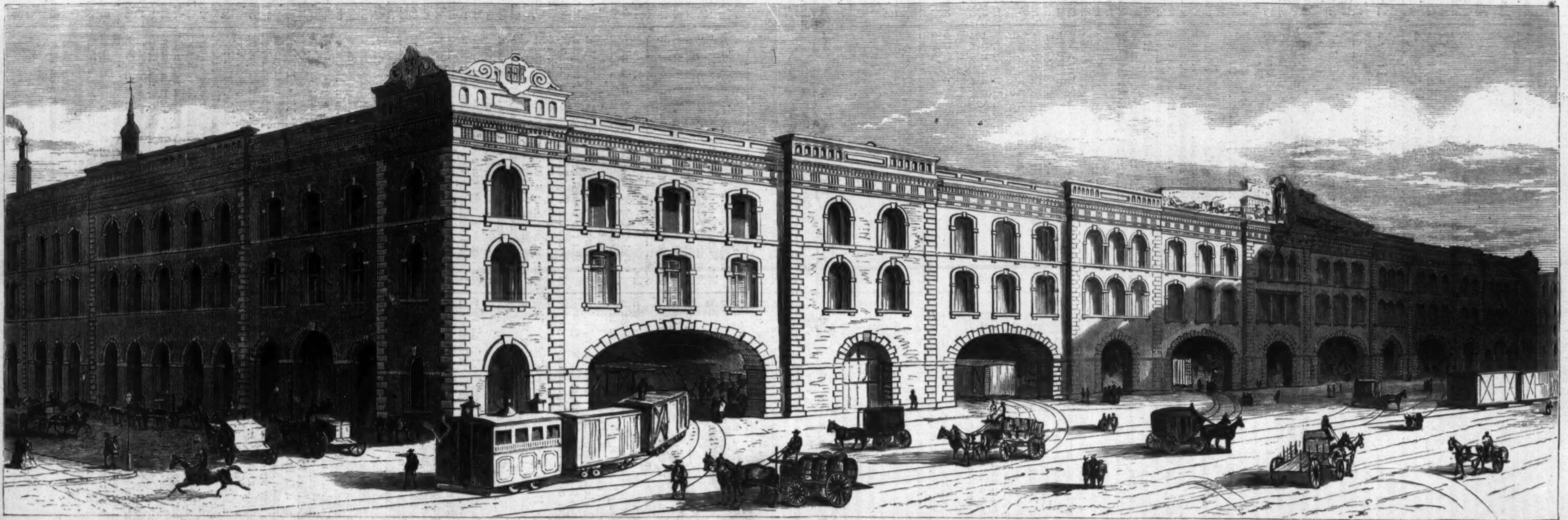
THE VANDERBILT MONUMENT.

Early in October is to be unveiled the colossal bronze statue of Commodore **Vanderbilt** with its allegorical accessories, of which we give an illustration on this page. This monument is erected on the summit of the western wall of the new Hudson River Railroad Dépôt, situated on the former site of St. John's Park, at the corner of Laight and Hudson streets. This work was conceived by Captain **Albert Degroot**, a gentleman well known as prominently connected with the steamboat history of the Hudson River, and also as the commander of the *Niagara*, *Reindeer*, and other river steamers. As soon as Captain **Degroot** had completed his designs he laid them before a committee of leading citizens of New York, fully explaining his plan and ideas, and meeting with the full and cordial approbation, as well as the prompt financial aid, of those whose indorsement he solicited.

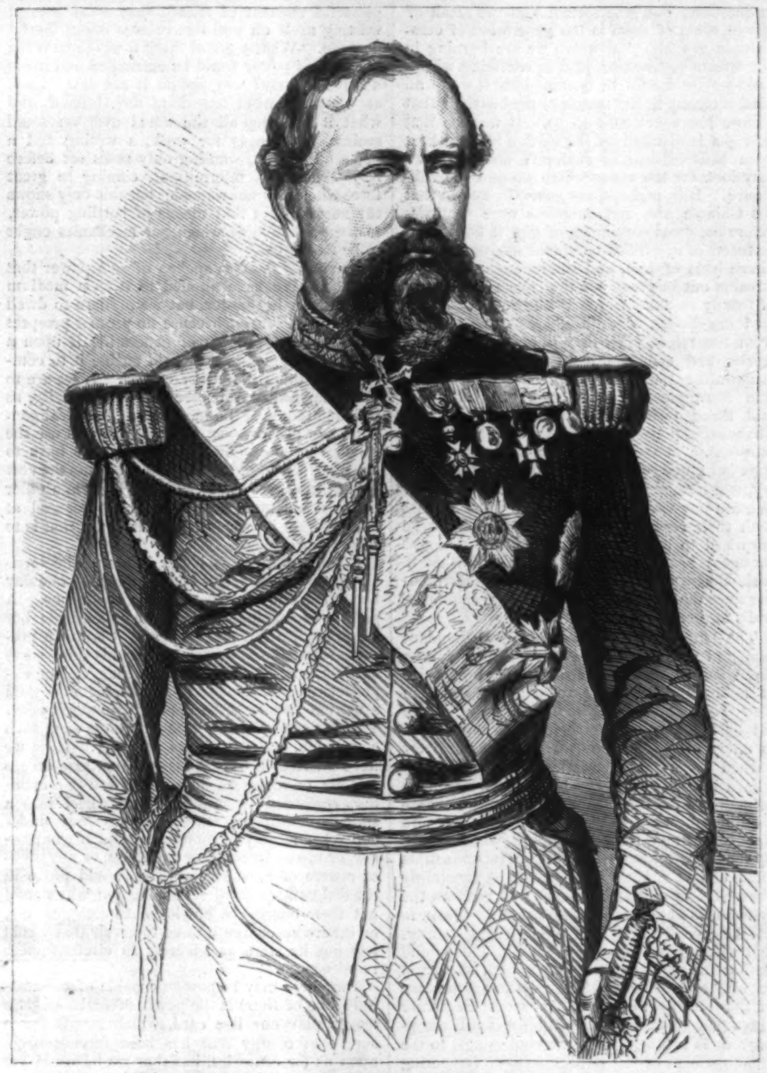
Captain **Degroot** at once secured the services of **Ernest Plassman**, one of the most skillful artists in the country; and a large sum of money was expended in building a foundry for the purpose of making the required castings, two experienced metal casters, **George** and **Valentine Fischer**, having been engaged to superintend this part of the work. As first planned the design was only thirty feet in length, but new visions continued to dawn on the mind of Captain **Degroot**, until at last his grand conception had unfolded to more than five times its original size; and finally, after ten months of faithful labor, the models were all completed. As giving an idea of the labor involved, every piece of this immense work was first done in clay, then in plaster, and finally in bronze.

The monument is an epitome of the life of **Cornelius Vanderbilt**, both as Commodore and as the great Railway King. It is a well-deserved tribute to the genius and enterprise of Mr. **Vanderbilt**, who is not less noted for his public spirit than for a well-spent life, abounding in works of unostentatious charity.

The work covers an area of 3125 square feet, measures about 150 feet in a straight line, and 31



THE NEW HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD DÉPOT, HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—J. B. Snook, Architect; Peter T. O'Brien, Builder.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]



GENERAL EDMOND LEBŒUF, THE NEW FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR.

feet in extreme height; weighs, we believe, nearly 100,000 pounds; and cost, as nearly as can be ascertained, over $500,000. It consists of an immense bronze statue of Commodore **VANDERBILT**, placed in the centre of a colossal bass-relief, which is contrived not only to illustrate the career and achievements of the Commodore, but also to represent the marvelous inventions of the nineteenth century, and at the same time to portray allegorically the growth and prosperity of the great American Republic.

The base line upon which the bass-relief is erected is a narrow tier of blue-stone. In the centre, just beneath this, and solidly inserted in the dépôt wall, is a huge carved block of granite weighing eleven tons. On this rests a bronze pedestal 5 feet square, 1½ feet high, and bearing the inscription, "Erected 1868." On the pedestal, within a spacious arched recess, stands the statue. This is 12 feet high, nearly solid, weighs four tons, and is the largest in America, if not in the world. It represents the Commodore with head uncovered and wearing a heavy fur-trimmed over-coat, his left foot slightly advanced, his right hand inserted beneath his vest, and his left extended. The bass-relief is 10 feet high at the ends, and is surrounded by an elegant granite cornice, which slopes gradually upward for about one-third the length from each extremity, turns suddenly up, runs along horizontally, and finally forms an arch in the centre over the statue. The middle portion of the cornice is decorated with ornamental work in bronze. The bass-relief is terminated at each end by massive scroll-work representing leaves and plants.

On the right hand, between the statue and the scroll, is represented the Commodore's marine life, and on the left his railroad life. At the right hand, in the fore-ground, appears, in a reclining position, Neptune, with flowing beard, a wreath of leaves on his head, his right hand grasping a rudder, a sea-monster rising from the water at his feet, and a raccoon peering around the corner of the rocks on which he rests.

In the back-ground at the right arise the forest-crowned Palisades of the Hudson, then a light-house is seen, and then appears, rocking on the waves of bronze, the *Dred*, the little two-masted "periauger," in which, half a century ago, young Mr. **VANDERBILT** carried passengers from New York to Staten Island at 25 cents a head. Next comes, much greater in size, completely rigged, and under full headway, the famous steamer *North Star*, in which the Commodore made his well-remembered voyage round the world.

Finally the climax is capped by the huge form of the steamer *Vanderbilt*, also completely rigged, and plowing along at full speed. In the middle fore-ground a dock appears, on which are coils of rope, bananas, pine-apples, and other tropical fruits, a huge and savage watch-dog crouched on a cotton bale, and lastly, next to the statue, a massive capstan, anchor, and chain. At the extreme left, to match the figure of Neptune on the right, Liberty, guardian of the scene, sits erect with flowing tresses and drapery, her left hand holding a sword, and her right arm resting on the national shield, from behind which an eagle is emerging. In the back-ground rises a woody slope, and in the front a rude fence appears, and then two cows, one idly whisking her tail and the other lying down. Back of these an engine drawing a train of cars is entering a tunnel beneath a forest-covered hill, and still farther in the rear is a gentle eminence crowned with a villa. In the middle of the fore-ground a switchman, flag in hand, is just stepping from the door of his little house.

Captain **DEGROOT** is certainly entitled to great praise for the boldness and originality of his designs in this great work, and also for the faithful and assiduous labor he has devoted to it from its inception to its final completion. The **FISCHER** Brothers, and the sculptor, **PLASSMAN**, are entitled to the best praise for the admirable manner in which they performed their labors, and may be congratulated upon the success that has attended their efforts.

GENERAL LEBŒUF,

FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR.

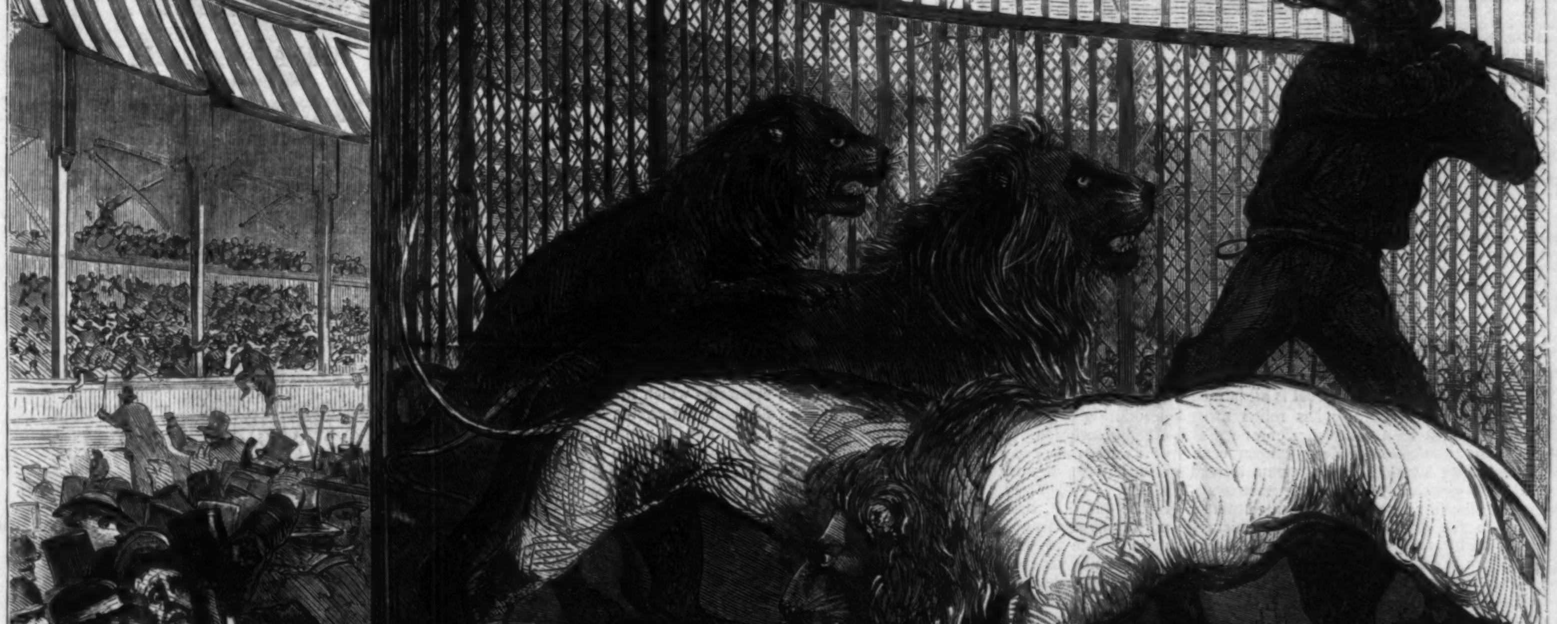
BY an imperial decree, dated August 21, General **LEBŒUF**, commanding the Sixth Corps d'Armée, was appointed Minister of War to succeed Marshal **NIEL**, deceased.

General **EDMOND LEBŒUF** is physically the biggest man in the French army. He was born in 1809, and entered the service through the Polytechnic School, and the Ecole d'Application of Metz, whence he emerged a full-blown Lieutenant of artillery in 1833. His promotion was very rapid. His brilliant conduct at the engagement of the Iron Gates in Algeria attracted the attention of the Orleans Princes, who took a leading part in that engagement, and he obtained his Captaincy in 1837. Like his predecessor, Marshal **NIEL**, he distinguished himself greatly at the siege of Constantina, and was rewarded by the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and a mention in the general orders of the army. In 1840 he got a further step in the Legion of Honor for the skill and *sang-froid* with which he protected the retreat of a French column which was in danger of being cut off by the Kabyles. Two years later he was made a Colonel. In 1854 he went to the Crimea as head of the artillery staff with the rank of Major-General, and took a prominent part in the battle of the Alma. He was appointed Lieutenant-General in 1857, and two years later the whole of the artillery of the Italian expedition was placed under his supreme command. The French say but for his timely aid in bringing up an overwhelming number of guns to bear on the Austrian right, commanded by **BENEDEK**, **VICTOR EMANUEL**'s army at Solferino would have been crushed, and the position of the French army seriously compromised. Since then he has commanded the camp at Chalons, and in 1866 it was he who was dispatched to Venice to receive the province from the Austrian Government. From 1848 to 1850 he was in command of the Polytechnic School, and at that time he was popular with his *alumni* on account of his liberal views, and his abhorrence of martinetism. His friends state that he is an able and fluent speaker, and a good administrator.

DEATH OF THE LION-TAMER LUCAS, IN PARIS.

THE tragedy which we illustrate on this page took place at the Hippodrome at Paris on the 18th of August.

About four o'clock the great lion-cage, as was the custom every day, was brought into the arena. All four of the lions walked around with such calmness as to inspire no fear. During some days past **LUCAS** had noticed their agitation; the previous Sunday, on beginning his second



THE LION-TAMER LUCAS, IN THE PARIS HIPPODROME, ATTACKED AND FATALLY INJURED BY HIS LIONS.

representation, he had said, "Two exhibitions in one day are too much."

The lion-tamer entered the cage and commenced his exercises with a few strokes of the whip. The animals awoke and began to growl; then, when LUCAS undertook to make them lie down by the power of his eye alone, a lioness sprang on him and threw him on the ground. The crowd uttered shrieks of terror. LUCAS tried to rise, but the great lion threw himself on his breast and thus rendered it impossible for him to stir. In this position two of the beasts seized their keeper, one by the thigh and the other by the neck, and buried their teeth in his flesh. Then a servant of LUCAS, who had never before been near the animals, entered the cage, and seizing a musket, begun beating the terrible enemies with all his might. "Go away, go away!" cried LUCAS, "leave me to die alone." But the groom redoubled his blows, answering, "I will die with you."

Indeed, the unhappy man would doubtless have been devoured, like his master, had not one of the four animals, a blind lioness, thrown herself furiously into the midst of the sanguinary group and thus dispersed them.

LUCAS was at last drawn out of the cage, mutilated and covered with blood. His servant followed him, not having received a wound. This brave fellow, whose name is PÈPÉ, is of Spanish extraction. Before belonging to LUCAS, in whose service he had been for about eighteen months, he was attached to the Madrid circus, kept by RUVÈS. M. RUVÈS is now the owner of the four lions of the Hippodrome, which have been previously exhibited at the Cirque and Porte Saint Martin, and which have already caused the death of three men.

After receiving the attentions of a physician, the keeper was carried to the house of his father-in-law. The physicians counted twenty-five wounds, three of which were very severe; one in the throat and right cheek; another in the left arm, at least an inch and a half deep, and presenting a gaping opening as large as a silver dollar; and the third in the thigh. The other twenty-two were in the mouth, hands, breast, and other portions of the body.

The admirable devotion of the servant, PÈPÉ, was unrewarded. The lion-tamer, LUCAS, died August 23, in the most terrible agonies.

FRENCH SENATUS CONSULTUM.

THE Paris *Journal Officiel* publishes the text of the Senatus Consultum, which is promulgated in the name of the Emperor, and is signed by Rouher and countersigned by Duvergier. The following is a synopsis of the document:

Art. 1. The Emperor and the Corps Legislatif have the privilege of initiating laws.

Art. 2. The Ministers are dependent on the Emperor; they deliberate under his presidency, are responsible, but can only be impeached by the Senate.

Art. 3. The Ministers may be members of either Chamber; they have free access to and the right to speak in both.

Art. 4. The sittings of the Senate are open to the public, but on demand of five members the Senate may go into secret session.

Art. 5. The Senate, after pointing out modifications in a bill, may send it back for further consideration to the Corps Legislatif. It may in any case oppose the promulgation of a bill, and in such case the bill can not be presented in the Corps Legislatif again during the same session.

Art. 6. The Corps Legislatif elects its own officers at the opening of each session. The Senate and the Corps Legislatif make their own internal regulations.

Art. 7. Every individual member of the Senate and Corps Legislatif has the right of interpellations. Votes of confidence or want of confidence (*ordres de jour motivés*) can be adopted, but they must be referred to the Bureaus as a matter of right whenever the Government demands it, and the Bureaus will then appoint a commission to consider the matter, on whose report the Corps will decide whether to accept or reject the vote.

Art. 8. No amendment of a bill can be discussed unless it has been previously sent to the committee which considered the bill, and also communicated to the Government. If the Government and the committee disagree on the amendment, the Council of State shall pronounce its opinion; but the final decision rests with the Corps Legislatif.

Art. 9. The budgets are presented and voted by chapters and articles.

Art. 10. All modifications in customs or postal tariffs made through treaties with foreign nations will require a law to make them binding.

Art. 11. The relations of the Emperor, Senate, and Corps Legislatif are changed only in so far as they are modified by this Senatus Consultum. Their formal intercourse will be settled hereafter by Imperial decree.

Art. 12. Certain articles of the Constitution, inconsistent with the above provisions, are abrogated.

POWERS THAT MAY BE.

THE English are inquiring very anxiously, "what are we to do when our coal is all burned out?" and before a century has rolled away this question will be a distressing one for England. Her manufactures depend upon coal. Is it possible for her to utilize petroleum instead of coal? A series of elaborate experiments, authorized by the Government of the United States, resulted in the decision, "That convenience, comfort, health, and safety are against the use of petroleum in steam vessels; and that the only advantage thus far shown is a not very important reduction in bulk and weight of fuel carried." One American scientific periodical strongly decried its superiority from an economical point of view, and proved that the heat from oil costs double that from coal, the quantity being measured by the work done in evaporating water; but this estimate was based upon the present relative cost of the two materials. When coal grows dear, the aspect of the comparison will be altered, especially if, as is presumable, oil should become cheaper.

Among the undeveloped sources of heat, of which greater or less reservoirs are contained within or upon the earth, natural gas suggests itself to the mind that has been thinking of mineral oil. What are the processes at work in the subterranean laboratories it is not our purpose to question; but it is certain that the result of one or some of them is the generation of combustible gas like that which we are burning in our streets and houses, and squandering with a recklessness fearful to contemplate, if we at all heed economy in the matter of the blessings that Nature has vouchsafed to us. It may be that this gas is distilled by the earth's internal heat from beds of coal or coal oil; and if so, we may look for the vapor where we find the substance. It is, perhaps, not generally known that the Chinese are, and doubtless were centuries before us, great consumers of gas, if not manufacturers of it. Their borers for salt-water often pierce beds of coal, and the inflammable vapor streams out in great jets that reach to a height of twenty or thirty feet. With the tact of civilized gas-fitters, the salt-makers catch the gas from these fountains, lead it by pipes to their works, and consume it in boiling down and evaporating the water for recovery of its saline constituents. Then, too, the tubes are laid through the streets and into houses and kitchens, and the gas is burned for illuminating purposes. The excess—for more is given off than is wanted—is conducted out into the country, and burned for the sake of getting rid of it. We are not told that the Chinese work engines with their copious fuel, but one would not be surprised to hear that they have been doing so for ages; indeed, we would not be astonished if it should turn out that they have been telegraphing since the Deluge, and have photographic portraits of their great-grandfathers.

The American oil regions furnish an abundant supply of ready-made gas, which has sometimes given gas companies cause to be apprehensive of failing profits. The town of Fredónia, in New York State, is lighted throughout by the outpourings from the terrestrial gasometer, and in many places the natural gas is extensively burned for steam generation. A notable instance is that of a large brass factory in Erie belonging to Messrs. Jarecki & Co. For more than two years they have drawn their fire and light from an unproductive oil well, which makes up for its barrenness of fluid by an inexhaustible yield of gas. A three-inch main is constantly charged, at a uniform pressure, and conveys the gas from its source, over a distance of 1200 feet, to the factory. The gas is of good lighting quality, and when it is not wanted, as on Sundays and during the night, it is led up a high shaft and set alight *pro bono publico.* What has become of the burning wells once known in England? Have they given out? or is their gas still escaping? or is it flowing into the coal mines, to the endangerment of the miners' lives? Supposing there is still a supply, is it worth collecting? Not now, perhaps; but if it lasts, its time may come.

A power that not only may be, but can be now, and ought to be utilized, is that which is derivable from the rise and fall of tidal waters. This is one, too, that especially concerns us, seeing the extent of our sea-board and the number of our tidal rivers. The source of motion that is here offered us is of incalculable extent; it is surprising how little has been done toward turning it to account. Not only is the rise and fall of water to be taken advantage of; there is the onward motion, the ebbing and flowing of tidal streams to be employed. Water-wheels may be turned by this means, while the head of water gained by the rising tide can, if properly harvested by ponds or reservoirs, be made to drive other wheels and machines of the turbine character—a class of movers not very well known at the present time. There is no reason why our sea-side towns and fishing villages should not be the seats of manufacture, and the time may come when they will be so; or if the work can not be carried to the sea-coast to be done, there is no reason why the power should not be trapped there, and conveyed wherever it is wanted. We know that electric wires are capable of carrying considerable amounts of motive force over long distances. A little battery in London *moves* a needle in Edinburgh; a weak current generated at the Greenwich Observatory traverses a telegraph line and pulls the trigger of a gun at Newcastle, while another current from the same place runs to Deal and works certain levers that let fall a time-signal ball. There does not appear to be any strong reason why the principle here involved should not be extended to the transmission of great powers from places where the force is most easily generated to others where it can be most advantageously applied to mechanical purposes. It may be asked, what a tide-mill has to do with a galvanic battery? To which we would reply that the modern doctrine of the correlation of forces shows that any one description of force can be converted into any other description. Mechanical force, like that of a water-mill, can be turned into heat, or into electricity, or first into heat and then into electricity, or *vice versa.* Leaving electricity out of the question, there are other means of transporting power from place to place. One of the most simple of these is by compressed air, a medium not yet half appreciated. There is no question but that a deal of waste is involved in the practice of making locomotors carry with them the means of generating their power, instead of carrying that power ready made—a plan that might be used in some cases, though of course not of universal application. It has been tried, or soon is to be, in this country: a locomotive car is to be driven by bottled-up air, highly compressed. The car station is to be furnished with an engine to pump the air into reservoirs, two of which are to be attached to the car for each journey of ten miles length, and the stored-up force is to be converted into wheel-driving power by a small engine fixed underneath the carriage. May success attend the trial, and induce engineers to give attention to the important problem—the storage of force! This is the one thing needful for turning to useful account more than one powerful element of nature that is at present wasting itself on nothing, or else doing fearful damage. What a grand thing it would be if the hurricane's power could be entrapped and made a slave of! and why should it not be? Look at what the wind has done for Holland, and what it is doing all the world over on small scales: it is ready for work, a willing and a powerful servant, wanting only tasks set before it. True, it is intermittent, coming in great force when it is not wanted; but this only shows the necessity for that means of bottling power, to the perfection of which our mechanics ought to be looking.

Electricity is often spoken of as a power that may be. We have alluded to it as a medium for transporting power, but we hesitate to dwell upon it as a source, because no present prospect appears of any means of generating it upon a scale of cheapness that would enable it to compete with other sources of energy. If we are to consume mechanical force to get electricity, as is done in some of the most recent electrical generators of great power, we might as well use the original force at once. Where metals have to be consumed to obtain galvanic currents the cost is high, too high for economical use while other power-producing materials can be procured at cheaper rate in proportion to the work that is to be got out of them.

Chemistry gives us better hopes. The terrible powers of explosive compounds may one day be tamed down to manageable conditions. A gunpowder engine savors of the chimerical; but we lately heard it proposed, and it is to be presumed that the projector had, in his mind's eye at least, some method of rendering violent explosions so continuous and governable as to yield a motion having some approach to uniformity. The gas engine is only a few removes from such a machine, and it answers perfectly. Here we have successive explosions of a mixture of gas and air, on alternate sides of a piston in a cylinder, converted by crank and fly-wheel into a smooth continuous movement, perfectly under control, and very economical. But if gunpowder, or nitro-glycerine, or dynamite, or any milder source of expansive vapors, should prove in the end unfitted for direct application, why should not their energy be employed to compress air, or otherwise charge a force-reservoir that would pay out its store as leisurely as circumstances require?

But there may be powers capable of exhaustion; one of these is the power of patience. So let us play our last card, which stands for a source of energy that has been forcing itself upon us for centuries, but that we have not yet utilized to a tithe of its capabilities. We allude to the power of the sun. The theoretical amount of heat that the earth receives from the sun is so enormous as to appear incredible; but setting theory aside, the actually available quantity is startling enough, seeing that every hundred square feet of sun-lit earth receives an amount equivalent to the work nominally derivable from a single horse. You may doubt the accuracy of such a deduction, from your knowledge of the comparative coolness of objects that are exposed to sunshine for hours together. But the fact is that a body subjected to ordinary insolation loses its heat by radiation and by contact with the air almost as fast as it receives it. Prevent the escape of the heat, and then see to what a height the temperature will rise. Last summer, on the tropical 22d of July, a steak and potatoes were thoroughly cooked by the sun on the south side of Westminster Bridge. The only apparatus employed was a cigar-box blackened inside, and with a lid formed of several plates of glass. The solar beams poured into this oven, and their heat was trapped; there was no ready escape for it, and in twenty minutes from the time of their first exposure the steak and potatoes were done.

Ericsson's name alone has been cited as a solar engineer. But there has been another toiler in the same field: M. Mouchot, a French professor of natural philosophy. The principle involved in the cigar-box oven is that which he has adapted to the construction of what he calls a solar receiver. A metallic vessel, blackened outside, is mounted on a non-conducting pedestal and covered with a glass case; it is exposed to the sun, and an extra share of heat is condensed upon it by a reflector placed behind. In less than half an hour, the vessel, if empty, is raised to a temperature of 400° Fahr. The receiver may be a boiler to generate steam, or a sauce-pan for culinary purposes, or the evaporator of a still, or an oven for cooking steaks and potatoes. A working steam-engine was among some solar apparatus which M. Mouchot had the honor of bringing before the Emperor, at St. Cloud, in 1866; but his majesty could not see it in action because the weather was unpropitious. However, he was so pleased with the idea that he gave the inventor another day's trial at Biarritz, which Phœbus favored, and all worked to satisfaction.

Inquirers of narrow mind ridicule this idea of extracting power out of sunbeams. They say the source is too intermittent—that during cloudy times and in countries not blessed with eternal sunshine it would be useless, because not constant. So they pooh-pooh the notion. But is not the wind intermittent, and water too? Are we to set fire to the wind-mill when it is becalmed, and chop up the water-wheel when there comes a drought? There are scores of mills in the country where wind or water furnishes the power so long as it is available, but where steam is resorted to as an auxiliary when the primary source gives out. And why should not the sun come in as an auxiliary also, to act when winds are lulled and streams are dried? Our mechanics are boastful of their prowess, and just now are complaining of the want of scope for the exercise of their ingenuity. Let them bestir themselves to get the undeveloped stores of power to work, that we may economize the resources of which we are now so reckless, and hand down to our children's children an equivalent—in the shape of perfected means and appliances—for the share of those resources which is their due, but which we are doing our very best to wrest from them.

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  Are our minds upon the wing;
      Still for something ever sighing,
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  Toward a retrograding goal:
All things hoarding, reaping, buying,
  But contentment to the soul.
      Still for something ever sighing,
      Ever longing, ever trying.

For some bliss we're always sighing,
  But possessing, find it—what?
That for which our souls were dying?
  No; we still must seek for that.
      After something ever trying,
      Ever longing, ever sighing.

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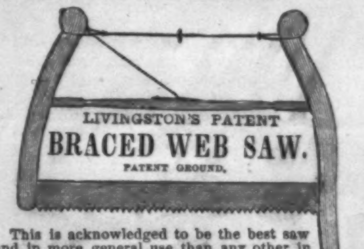
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